THE COMMONWEALTH.
A JOURNAL OF
Politics, Literature, Art and News
IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
No. 8 Bromfield, near Washington, Street,
—BY—
CHARLES W. SLACK,
Editor and Proprietor,
TO WHOM ALL LETTERS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED.

THE COMMONWEALTH can be obtained by the single number, or in larger quantities, upon application, of ALL REGULAR NEWS-VENDERS.

The Commonwealth.

Vol. VIII., No. 30.---Whole No. 395. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870. Price Five Cents per Single Copy.

TERMS.
To Subscribers:
THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, to City Subscribers; TWO DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS, to Mail do.; (both in advance) per annum. Single copies FIVE CENTS.
Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received for their discontinuance, and until all arrearages are paid, *as required by law.*
Remittances by mail may be sent at the risk of the Publisher; but a Postoffice MONEY ORDER is recommended.
To Advertisers:
One square of eight lines, first insertion............$1.00
" " " " subsequent insertion...... .50
Business Notices, per line, each.............. .25
The price for advertising is uniform and inflexible.
Advertisers can have the choice of location without variation in rates.
All bills for continued advertisements will be rendered monthly.

The Barge of Art.

BY W. A. WALL.

True art is not ephemeral,
But holds a life perennial.
Alike its earthly parent, man,
Its body is of mortal span,
Yet propagates from age to age
Its heaven descended heritage.

Religion built it long ago,
And launched it on the tide of time,
Obedient to the current's flow,
Intrusted with a freight sublime—
A symbol of religion's realm,
With sculptured faith upon its prow,
Devotion imaged o'er the helm.
A bearer of the soul's high message,
Contributing to every shrine,
Hallelujahs greet its passage,
And nations hail it as divine;
While genius doth her powers combine,
As drifts the consecrated barge,
To deck it from her richest mine.
Bestrown about its water-line
Were hierograph and hieroglyph,
Where Oriental symbols twine
Their forms grotesque in bold relief;
And o'er the poop rose broad and high,
Inclosing mystic symbols dread,
A grand Hebraic canopy—
Begirt by scrolls of bards divine,
And tablets graved by prophets pure,
And emblems wrought with high design,
And priest's and warrior's furniture.
Above its curtained entrance shone,
Upon a broad phylactery—
"Hosannas to our God alone."
Fair Hellas craved it for her own,
As temptingly it passed along,
And gave her gods in living stone,
And in her grand, immortal song;
And reared her parent deity
Aloft on his imperial throne,
Before the towering canopy.
Philosophy her chaplet wove
To grace religion's regal brow,
Of rarest flowers from nature's grove,
And hung it at the barge's prow;
And yet a nobler pledge she gave,
Sealing her homage to the soul,
By offering her martyr brave.
Repeated Rome the thought of Greece,
And sang her own high songs of praise;
And lent her cunning to increase
The barge's sacred effigies;
Till Jewish poet-prophet said,
"O, heedless of the precious *freight*,
Your worship's false, your art is dead!"
Harmoniously did virtue's lore
Flow from this poet's life and lips,
As man had ne'er expressed before—
The soul's sublime apocalypse!
Devoted scribes caught up the strain,
And placed upon the passing barge
A chorus for the world's refrain.
The cloisters of monastic fame
Reëchoed words that poets spoke;
And, quickened by the soul's pure flame,
Regenerate art, love-nursed, awoke,
To glorify the crucified;
To own and advocate his cause,
And show how Christian martyrs died.
Though rude these offerings of art,
Yet, from the barge's helm to prow,
As gems they shone, performed their part—
A many-colored starry row
Of humble tributes to the soul,
From conscientious worshippers—
The worth and luster of the whole.
Then high uprose the crucifix,
Above the canopy and throne,
And myths pontifical affix
Around the barge a florid zone.
With dogmas, rites and mysteries,
The Pope usurped the throne of Jove,
And saints succeeded deities.
Unfurled were banners to the breeze,
By papacy emblazoned o'er
With triple crown and transverse keys,
As symbols of the church's power.
Instate her lust of sway,
Her boast, from heaven her right, to make
The kingdoms of the earth her prey.
Ambitiously she seized the helm
The barge to pilot evermore,
To spread throughout her bloated realm
The emblems of her vaunted power.
And art subserved her grasping greed,
A victim of her spurious show,
And sold its birthright for a creed.
Awhile, with strong and favoring tide,
Propitious winds, and placid sea,
Triumphantly, with pomp and pride,
Careered the flaunting argosy;
Till waved its banners to the breeze
And their insignia homage won
In bleaker and more northern seas.
At length was threatening thunder heard,
And overcast became the sky,
And fitful gusts the waters stirred,
Precursors of a tempest nigh;
Then drove the barge before the blast,
Enveloped by the surging sea,
A prey to the iconoclast.
The fury of the tempest o'er,
The harassed barge, with banners torn,
Bereft of Rome's vain badge of power,
Was on the troubled billows borne,
With leaking seams and battered sides,
Along the frowning northern shore,
The sport of fluctuating tides.
While veering winds that coursed along—
Bluff porters of their flaming charge
Of far reverberating song—
Swept to and fro the struggling barge,
Its symbols dropping one by one
To sink in the surrounding tide,
Or drift into oblivion;
Though hopeful talent, here and there,
Full oft essayed with purest will
The shattered emblems to repair,
But vain was persevering skill!
'Twas but new cloth in garments old,
Worn vessels for the soul's new wine,
For by the past was it controlled.

* * * * * * *

Approaching our own shores of time,
The drifting barge we may descry,
A looming specter of its prime—
An outline in the eastern sky,
Yet in its hold, all free from harm,
Reposes its primeval freight,
Of art's new growth the vital germ.
The future will the harvest show,
Her broad domain doth nature yield,
Religion the good seed will sow,
And genius till the ample field.
The *now* is through the old forecast,
But art and onward faith demand
Emancipation from the past.
Together truth and beauty grow,
Twin flower on life's prolific tree;
Whose roots, from hidden cause below,
Draw succor and vitality;
But light must ope the folded flower,
As light induced the bud to spring,
And light the lovely fruit mature.
Already, signs of coming morn,
The heralds of the soul's new day,
And pregnant the fresh air of dawn
With a renewed vitality.
Ere-long, the soul's clear light will glow
And shine into the mind and heart,
The bud of truth and beauty blow!

The Spanish Revolution.

[*From the European correspondence of the "Boston Pioneer."*]

TRANSLATED BY JULIA A. SPRAGUE.

The Paris *Democrat* contains a letter from Madrid which gives a clear description of the situation of affairs in Spain. It says:—

"Since the reäppearance of the Republican minority has the Constitutional Assembly assumed again an appearance of activity; as yet a deceitful one, however, for it has enacted no important decrees. Nevertheless, this is not the fault of the Republicans. 'The Left' has shown itself more animated, more earnest, more ardent, than ever. As it decided to reäppear upon the parliamentary field, in order to increase the distractions among the divided Monarchists, in order to prevent the election of a 'saving King,' in order to force the Ministry to restore to the so-called sovereign nation the constitutional guarantees, in order, finally, to strengthen anew the defeated, disordered, almost despairing Liberal party, then the most violent of this party reproached the Left.

Most of the courageous chiefs of the Republican insurrection, especially those whom the fate of war had cast into France, desired that the Left should refrain from parliamentary participation. On the other hand, the Deputies remaining in Madrid comprehended that the mass of the Republican party is not vitally republican enough to be able to preserve its full republican zeal and ardor if a manifest activity in the leaders did not offer to it a certain steady excitement. Now the constitutional guarantees are restored, the Republican journals suppressed during the 'state of siege' appear again, the clubs reörganize, and meetings are called in almost all the Republican cities.

In a few days elections will take place, in order to fill the places of the fallen, or fugitive, or condemned Deputies. Urged on by the orators of the minority, will the electors of Barcelona, Valencia, and Cadiz, and of all the large Republican cities, give their votes by thousands for their condemned champions in exile. They will choose them in order to bring them forward as the most implacable and most compromised of their number. What Cadiz has done on the day after its first rising—in the month of January, 1869—is it ready to do once more. In a complete state of siege it has yet given to the insurgent Firmin Salvochea a perfectly overwhelming majority of votes. This champion of the Republic, defeated, banished, condemned to death, will Cadiz reëlect this month. What a proud answer to the Progressists! And this will make a deeper impression and have more effect than political forbearance!

Most of all, is the party indebted for its reänimation to Castelar. The last two powerful speeches of this distinguished orator have made a vivid and deep impression, especially that delivered on the first of December. It will better describe the condition of Spain than I [the writer of this letter] can do. From this speech of Castelar we make the following extracts. He begins by saying that he declared to the Minister of the Interior he did not believe that the government is strong enough, nor secure enough in its position towards the Chambers, to challenge its enemies in so violent a manner. He protests against the accusations of the ministry that the Republicans preach disorder and attacks upon property. He proves that the Republican party neither wishes nor can wish the dismemberment of their country. He says the Minister has made the first attempt to hold a panegyric over the dictatorship. In order to lay a foundation for this panegyric has he sketched a fearful picture of our social condition. He has told us that 'there are criminals in the land, that crimes are committed, that education in Spain is in a low state, that it is abominable, and the corruption is great. Granted; but on whom falls the burden? For three centuries has our only and exclusive church smothered the Spanish conscience; during a still longer time has monarchy suppressed the Spanish will. According to this, our faults are owing to institutions with which we—the Republicans—have no sympathy. But do you know what is our greatest fault? It is want of respect for the laws! This fault in the people arises also out of the systematic despotism of the government. It is impossible to improve the morals of a people if this system is not changed.'

The speaker knows 'that all insurrections since the time of Cataline have been accused of all kinds of crimes. The Progressists themselves have not escaped this universal law. They should no longer employ this used-up weapon.' Castelar denies that any crime whatever has been committed in the name of Republicanism, and brings forward, as example, what has taken place in Saragossa, Barcelona and Valencia. The Republicans have even been reproached for the suspension of work among the laborers in Catalonia, while this was only a lawful and peaceful movement. To condemn it would be to injure the government and violate the constitution. . . . 'The Minister has spoken to us of *pardon! Pardon!* when Guillem is shot; when Serraclara is transported because he sought to avert a bloody strife; when Caimo, thinking he went to meet a member of Parliament, found only a jailor; when the brothers Costejon are condemned to death; when Soler and so many others have with the greatest difficulty but just escaped the clutches of a court-martial; when Paul and Joaritz wander around in exile! You speak to us of *mercy!* If we are here as criminals, then you, gentlemen Deputies, see in us the living tokens of the capricious despotism of the ministry which governs us!'

'The mighty gentlemen may still boast to have saved society! All tyrannical powers have made use of this language. Ferdinand VII. has saved society; he has saved it indeed from the dangers of the orator's rostrum, from the printing office and newspaper-press, from the teacher's chair, from the precepts of all the moral institutions which are the boast of modern civilization! The worst, the most violent, infraction of the law of which the Minister has been guilty is this which he has committed against the magistracy. He has removed magistrates without form of law; he has punished them without a hearing. This barbarous procedure reminds us of the expulsion of the Jews and Moors. On the day when magistrates so treated apply to courts of justice to obtain their rights, and when neither persons elected by universal suffrage nor the laws of this Assembly are respected, then shall we have the right to say that this Assembly is the venal prostitute of the Dictator. Legislators, ask your consciences! If you bow down before the Minister of the Interior, then nothing will remain for you but to go from these halls, with heads bowed down with shame and disgrace, because an Assembly which allows violence to transgress the laws which it has made is no longer an Assembly deserving respect. It is a vulgar farce!'

The speaker then shows that public opinion in Spain is of such a kind that reäction dare not show itself in clear light. Commonly revolutions are reäctionary; with the Spanish Revolution it is not so. Men dare not raise the banner of restoration out of fear of public opinion. Still further, Castelar refers to the divisions in the ranks of the Monarchists and asks, 'What form of government has the force of circumstances in the September revolution imposed? The Republican! In spite of all the exertions made, it has been impossible to establish monarchical institutions. Fourteen days after the victory, has the government declared the monarchy? Has she done it? Have you in your electoral meetings, have you in the Cortes, contended for monarchy? Have you done it? You have your candidates still to-day. That of the Conservatives cannot come because the people will know nothing of him; that of the Progressists, the shadow of a candidate, a provisionary candidate, cannot come because the Conservatives reject him; also no conservative institution, like monarchy, can be founded only by the Conservatives. Therefore, gentlemen Deputies, you can no longer flatter yourselves that you will found a monarchy. . . . I have said that for the founding a monarchy one must rely upon poetry, upon tradition, upon monarchical legendary lore; I have said that the Assembly can make laws, but they cannot make sentiment, tradition and legendary lore. I have said that it cannot found a new monarchy, because this monarchy could not acquire the illusions of a traditionary halo of glory. Very well, gentlemen Deputies, listen further to this contrasting of positions. Formerly the King represented the national honor; you, you, have more than once said within these walls that kings have betrayed and sold the country to foreigners; that they have thrown themselves before the feet of a brutal conqueror, while the people have opposed this conqueror, as in the streets of Saragossa. Formerly poetry sang, 'The King cannot lie; the King can do no wrong; he is the image of God!' To-day poetry cries out, 'O, what a profound abyss of wickedness and injustice have the lords of this world made out of their administration of justice!' Formerly painting, through the pencil of a Titian, made Charles V. immortal; to-day the painters prefer to sketch the picture of the Communeros, the victims of Charles V., or the bark in which a handful of Puritans came to America—the young republic. Formerly were the national holidays the birthdays and coronation-days of the kings; to-day they are the days consecrated by the people—the 10th of August, the 30th of July, the 24th of February, the 29th of September, those great days which have seen the shameful flight of kings! Formerly when a sailor, an adventurer, returned from the mouth of the Mississippi, from the sources of the Amazon, or the mountains of Mexico, then were the finest gold, the largest pearls, the most brilliant diamonds, for the King; now your Finance Minister demands even the restoration of the clasp which fastens the mantle around the royal shoulders! . . . What does all this signify? If the throne is fallen, if it is shattered, if it is dishonored, if it cannot be reërected, then could you, Conservatives, Unionists, Progressists, Democrats, you all could say with the poet, 'Weep we all, my brothers we have all had a hand in the work!'

If, therefore, the monarchy has become impossible—thanks to your own efforts!—because you have no candidate, because the nation complains of your delay, and because the present interests of the people are incompatible with monarchy, then have you but one course to pursue, '*Establish the Republic!*' Establish a government of the people through the people, the only government which can last, the only one which stands in accord with the interests of the people! . . . . Monarchical institutions are not to be permanently established upon universal suffrage. Therefore *establish the Republic!*'"

CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Lone Woman" Again.

SPECIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

AMESBURY, March 15, 1870.

TWO TOWNS IN ONE.

After the death of the wife of Caleb Cushing, a small edition of her letters from France and Spain—she made the tour with her husband—was published for the benefit of her particular friends, one of whom favored me with the perusal of the volumes. Though she graphically described scenery and public buildings, it seemed to me she was singularly reticent with regard to the notables she met, only mentioning, if memory serves me correctly, the party at LaGrange. In France, especially out of Paris, the narrative seemed rather tame. But the greater variety and romantic character of the natural features of Spain added greatly to the interest of that second volume. So with regard to what I shall write from Amesbury, if, following her example, out of courtesy I refrain as much as possible from allusion to the people I have met, I trust the greater interest in the natural features of the place will compensate. The villages, or rather village, of Amesbury and Salisbury—for, though two in name, and divided by a small stream or river (the Powwow), they are really one—is situated in a valley surrounded by low hills, the highest of which, toward the north, is called Powwow (contracted to Pow Hill, because here in the olden time the Indians used to hold their festivals, their councils. This is in Salisbury. Further to the west, across the little river in Amesbury, is Whittier Hill, here pronounced *Whityer;* that is, the hill is so called. From each of these the lower hills circle toward and along the Merrimac. Both towns, so I am informed, were originally Salisbury. Now there is talk of a reunion, or rather a reunion of portions of the two towns. But the Salisburyites—and no wonder—are unwilling to relinquish their ancient name. And Amesbury! Does not Whittier live there? Has he not made the name famous all over the civilized world? And who so sacrilegious, in the one town or the other, as to be willing to relinquish that name? But, strange as it may seem, it has been suggested to blot out both names and substitute that of Merrimac. One lady suggested as a compromise that the name Salis-Amesbury be substituted.

SANDY HOLLOW.

The last of December, at which time I came to Amesbury, is usually rather a dreary season, rendered still more dreary the past winter by the bare, colorless ground and alternate muddy and icy condition of the streets, than had the ground been covered with snow, thus giving the liberty of enjoyment to merry sleigh-riders. And yet the absence of snow was favorable to my propensity for rambling walks and explorations. I had not been here many days before my eyes began to turn longingly toward Powwow Hill, from whence I was told the ocean could be seen. But my first venture was not thither. Out on the street one day, toward the west of the village, I went on and on, past the last dwelling, then round a corner to the left and over a brook, when I discovered a break in the fence and a path leading from the street, which I entered. It led me over a hill or ridge above the brook and into a wood. A homelike feeling of freedom possessed me here, and I wanted to shout, to sing; but desisted, lest it might awake harsh echoes. The notes of a chickadee welcomed me, nor did he take flight at my approach. I found a tree that I had not before seen, which proved to be a red cedar, a branch of which I took home as a trophy. "Oh! you have been to Sandy Hollow," was the exclamation that greeted me on my return. "Sandy Hollow" is the name of the first locality which I explored in Amesbury. With regard to the red cedars, I have since seen many of them in wooded places, but never one, which has struck me as strange, transplanted into the village front-yards and grounds.

POWWOW HILL.

My next excursion was one morning to Powwow Hill. But I was at first turned aside from the direct road to saunter for a little on the banks of the little winding river. It must be very beautiful in summer on the banks of this stream beneath the shady willows whose branches almost meet overhead. They seemed now to extend their bare arms in recognition of a worshipper. Alas! how torn and bedraggled when next I gazed upon these same trees after a damp, heavy snowstorm, their fair heads bowed beneath the waters, actually frozen in! Ah! thus ever must physical strength and beauty be brought low! As I turned back down the stream to continue my tramp to the hill, I saw one tree that looked more familiar than a willow. Stooping for a faded leaf at its foot to make sure of the recognition, a gentleman at a little distance called out to inform me where I could find a better selection of leaves." "Is this tree a maple?" "Yes," he replied, "that is a maple;" and he went on descanting upon the beauty of the foliage in autumn. I was informed afterward that the gentleman was an artist, or had been in early life. Then I crossed the little bridge and went on the way up the hill, the old apple-trees by the road-side still seeming to extend their welcome. Suddenly I recalled my dream of the past night; that of a dear departed one with whom I walked until we came to a piece of water, when she leaped in, then out on the other side, leaving me alone. As I wound up the hill she seemed to lead the way before me, as knowing whither I should go. And then the pathway seemed full of the spirits of the red men of the past hurrying to their old haunts. It was rather hazy that morning—I wondered if it was always hazy in this region—and what sunshine there was directly in my face obscured my vision, and I could not tell whether I saw the ocean or not. The next time I walked to the place, near sundown, revealed the blue line. Oh! so blue; so dark; it seemed almost wild. Oh! for wings to fly! to bring me within hearing of the roaring of the surf. A fence across the top of the hill is the dividing-line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire. I did not know it at the time, or I should have climbed the fence. It was best not, perhaps, for my friends were sufficiently shocked at my rashness in climbing the hill, to say nothing of journeying to another State. I suspect they thought it might make me sick, but I had no idea of a doctor's prescription being the penalty for a couple of miles' ramble.

LION'S MOUTH.

One day I walked past the Friends' meeting-house toward the west, until I came to a wooded road that turned to the left. Had I continued that road, still turning to the left, it would have brought me back through the pine groves in the neighborhood of Sandy Hollow, and finally through that secluded locality to the Friends' meeting-house again on the border of the village. But, ignorant of the way at that time, I retraced my steps. When I got back that day my friends said, "Oh! you have been up to the 'Lion's Mouth.'" Really, I had not been to the "Lion's Mouth," only on the road thither. But if there is such a place I must go there. Accordingly, I climbed Whittier Hill one day, and looked over into the place. Another day I walked thither. It is a beautiful valley, a farming district, seemingly tributary to the larger valley of the village, and entered, as you leave the village, between Whittier Hill on the right and a lesser wooded height on the left. The snow was thin on the fields at that time, and after walking a mile or two I turned from the street and climbed a hill, from the further declivity of which rose some tall old pines. Unlike the trees in the valley and by the roadside, they seemed to dare me to approach them. I did not attempt it, for the snow was deep at their feet. From the summit of this hill I again descry the little river of the village winding around the hills. I could have gone on, so I was afterward informed, and by turning to the right this time and crossing a bridge should have been led back to the village, on the road along the banks of the stream between Powwow and Whittier Hills. This road, like the secluded and shady Sandy Hill road, enters the main street (Friend street) near the meeting-house. But whence that name, "Lion's Mouth?" No one knows, though it has been so-called two hundred years. A lady who lived there told me there was a legend of its origin, though she had no belief in its truth. It was said that formerly a savage tribe of Indians inhabited the place, and the early settlers used to say that "one might as well enter a lion's mouth as venture into that locality."

ROCKY HILL.

I went one day to a place called "Rocky Hill" in Salisbury—went to pass a couple of days with one who had been a pupil of mine in the days of her childhood—aye! in the days of my own childhood, or very near it. Instead of following the river-road to the "Point," where the little river unites with the Merrimac, and thence up the hill, I took the route further to the east, crossing the bridge so surrounded with factories and covered with buildings that I took no note either of bridge or stream, then across a stone bridge over a creek running into the river, past a large factory long since erected but never worked, through a pleasant street, past an old burial ground, then over the hill, Mt. Pleasant, the site of the new cemetery, from whence I can see Rocky Hill, about a half-mile distant. I had seen but few rocks in Amesbury, only some old stone walls, and a few small boulders—if they could be dignified by that name—on the summit of Whittier Hill. Whence came they—those few loose rocks on the top of that hill? Certainly not, as a former tourist and letter-writer suggested of a collection he saw in Vermont, *blown out*, during some convulsion, from the neighboring White Mountains! I know not, only the rocks are there, and the ledges and boulders *here*, on Rocky Hill. They say it is lonely here, and I ought to see the place in summer. But I think it best, in some respects, as it is now. At that season, when "all the leafy banners are hung out," I could not see through; but now I can see through the leafless branches of the apple-orchards, and other deciduous trees, to the neighboring heights. But the dwellers here suggest that there are openings in among the trees through which you can peep even in summer. I'm glad they are satisfied. So am I.

THE MERRIMAC.

The second day at Rocky Hill, though the wind blew and the sun shone dazzingly on the snow, we went out to walk. For once I had a travelling companion. Though I believe sincerely in the truth of what an aged friend once told me, that "it shows a dislike of one's company to be lonesome when alone," yet I find that it is equally true that oftentimes "it is pleasant to have a friend to whom one can whisper, '*La solitude est une belle chose.*'" Well, we go over the hill, past the ancient meeting-house, leaving a road on the right leading to the Point, and another on the left to the Rabbit Place, and taking no note of guide-boards to the Beach, we turn to the right, the road leading to the Chain Bridge past old apple-orchards and shady pine-groves, till we come in sight of the Merrimac, aye! are walking on its banks. There are places where the ice is broken and we see the blue, sparkling waters, but for the most the river is frozen over, covered with its bridge of ice. Though it even now presents beautiful phases, it does not show its best at this season. Ah! the river is like human beings! How many of us show our best in this "winter of our discontent," this world of care and struggle and ambition and jealousy? There are several considerable islands in the Merrimac near the bridge. The chain bridge is from the southern, Newbury side of the river, to one of these rocky islands, and the covered bridge from the island to the northern, Salisbury side. There is an ancient house on the island which we entered to warm our fingers. A gentleman there directed our attention to a large panel over the fire-place. A lady measured it while we sat there, and it was three feet and nine inches broad—one board. She said there were seven of them in the house. The tree from which the board was sawed must have been at least fifteen feet in circumference. Almost suggestive of California trees. They said there are no such trees on the Merrimac at this time.

HAWKSWOOD.

Recrossing the bridge to return, we leave the main street and turn into the grounds, and walk round the buildings at Hawkswood, so-called. It was originally a rocky hill wooded with pines and red-cedars, perhaps once an island in the valley, purchased some years ago by Rev. J. C. Fletcher, of South American memory, who caused the grounds to be improved and the buildings erected. It is said that he purchased the place in compliment to his wife, who was thereby reminded of her native Switzerland. But they never occupied the place together after its completion. She is daughter of Rev. Dr. Milan of Geneva. The dwelling is of stone—a rough, dark-colored stone, gathered for the most part in the neighborhood—of two stories and French roof, with a tower of three stories and French roof. It has arched windows, oriole windows, and bay windows. The granite base of one of the bay windows in the second story I thought very handsome. In a niche in the first story of the tower is a statuette, I should say, of Pomona. The wind and weather have made sad work with that originally delicate statuette. There is a stable, reservoir and bell-tower, all of the same material, stone. The bell is said to be the same that Gen. Butler sent from New Orleans. Mr. Fletcher left the place some time ago, and the last occupants have been away the past winter, the place being left in care of a person at the porter's lodge at the entrance to the grounds. The grapery is at present used for a *hennery*. The ground has been terraced in part, and the trees in places cut away, thus giving most charming views along the Merrimac. It was cold the day I was there, and I could not gaze long on the scene; but as I stood there I thought of one on the banks of the Penobscot who would enjoy a sketching-excursion to the place, and as a memento for her I ventured to transgress, and plucked a spray of red-cedar six inches long, and picked up a broken pine limb, on which was two very fine cones, probably blown off in one of the recent gales. Taking away the scattering fragment I thought might compensate for the theft of the green spray. The place is advertised for sale next summer. It is supposed to have cost fifty, or more, thousand dollars, and perhaps will sell for twenty thousand—suggesting the verity of the adage that "fools build nice houses for wise people to live in."

"TOEING OFF."

Tongues were made for chattering, I suppose, and quills for scribbling. At any rate, I have to scribble from Amesbury, but defer it for the present, lest again, and with justice, from one my letter be made twain.

PSYCHE.

From Paris.

SPECIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

PARIS, March 8, 1870.

POLITICAL MATTERS.

The interest politically of the hour is in the new policy of the government. In the Chamber, the other day, the Ministry was requested to declare formally whether it abandoned the system of official candidatures. The Minister of the Interior, who had previously given some explanations on the subject, thereupon said that parliamentary government implied the discontinuance of such candidatures, but that the Ministry did not intend to give up the right of making known who were and who were not its friends. Perfect harmony is said to prevail between the Emperor and the Ministers, and between the Ministers themselves. His Majesty is, moreover, reported to have said to a political friend, "We shall succeed; we have all the honest men in the country at our backs." Of the 500 prisoners arrested during the late disturbances, only 74 remain in custody, and these are charged with conspiracy. Their trial has commenced, and serious indictments have been made out against all of them. The greater number decline to answer the interrogations. Three of the writers of the *Marseillaise*, who were arrested, have been discharged, and they are puzzled to know why they were detained, or why they are dismissed!

While things political are regaining an accustomed quiet, all is yet not well. A rumor prevails that it is in contemplation, at the instance of Odillon Barrot, Guizot and Thiers, to raise the legal age of voters from 21 to 25. The *Public* follows the *Constitutionnel* in giving publicity to this report, and heads its announcement, "Universal suffrage threatened." The other night, a large red flag, bearing the words, *Vive la Republique! Mort à l'Empereur!* was placed on one of the towers of the cathedral at Narbonne. It was of course speedily taken down by the police when daylight appeared. One of the contributors to Rochefort's journal has been brought to trial for insulting the Emperor. The accused was returning from a funeral, and, seeing his Majesty on the terrace of the Tuileries, stopped the cab in which he was seated, and thrice called out, "Vive la Republique!" In his defense he said he had given way to a sudden impulse, and did not mean to offend the Emperor; but the court sentenced him to three months' imprisonment and a fine of about $100. These are straws, showing that there is an undertow of unrest in the ocean of political sentiment. We are soon to have a Reform Club here. Judging from the names of its promoters, it will run into a deep channel of radicalism.

The Corps Legislatif of France reässembled yesterday afternoon after a ten days' recess. The country demands at the hands of its rulers and representatives some positive and practical results of that pacific revolution which is supposed to have been accomplished.

THE TRIAL OF PRINCE BONAPARTE.

Preparations are being made at Tours for the High Court of Justice before which Prince Pierre Bonaparte is to be tried on the 21st inst. The building in which the proceedings are to take place is just now occupied with the ordinary assize business, but to-morrow it will be free, and the necessary alterations will at once be commenced. About forty seats are to be reserved for the representatives of the French and foreign press; as many will be required for the exceptionally large jury by which the accused is to be tried; and there are in addition fifty witnesses for whom accommodation has to be found. A temporary gallery will be erected, capable of seating from 150 to 170 persons, so as to increase the space of the court reserved for the public. The tribunal is to be surrounded by much formal state. The President is to have a guard of twenty-five soldiers, and two sentries always at his door. While the court is sitting, a hundred soldiers, stationed in an adjoining hall, will be entirely at his disposal; and when the court goes out in a body the same number of men will accompany it as a guard of honor. Rochefort will doubtless be summoned as a witness in the case.

THE PRINCE IMPERIAL IN SOCIETY.

Next to the state tomfoolery of the carnival season, and the procession of the *bœuf gras*, the event of the season is the "coming out" of the Prince Imperial, who will henceforth take a prominent part at court festivities. The Emperor has resolved to let him discharge the duty of opening state balls and inaugurating enterprises of public utility. The prince was at his first "grown-up" ball on Sunday night last. It was given by the Princess Mathilde, at her hotel in the Rue de Courcelles, where on previous years she used to get up juvenile fancy balls in his honor. Her guests in those days came early in the afternoon and separated towards nine o'clock. But on this occasion they danced till half an hour after midnight. The residence of the Princess was within and without brilliantly illuminated; shrubs and flowers were prodigally employed in the decoration of vestibules and ball rooms, and colored lights were fantastically but very tastefully arranged in the greenhouse, on which the ball room opens, and the large garden beyond. A large number of pretty young girls were invited, and the prince danced and blushed with them like any other mortal of his age.

EX-ROYALTY ALSO DISPORTING ITSELF.

The whole of the Spanish royal family was out to see the procession of the fat ox and the carnival frivolities. The Queen did not seem in good spirits, but the children were quite jubilant. Four little girls, whose healthy bloom should console their mother for her residence in exile, ran joyously from the Pavilion Isabella to a very elegantly appointed carriage drawn up before the entrance of the court. They were followed by their governess, a lady of noble aspect. The ex-Queen last appeared. She is even stouter than when she came to Paris, and seemed to walk with difficulty to the second carriage. The ex-King, when she and the children had driven off in the direction of the Champs Elysées, got into a chaise, which the Emperor had sent to take him for a day's shooting to Marly. The forced residence of the "noble" family in Paris does not seem to tell on them.

IN BRIEF.

The steamer "Hooghly" has passed through the Suez Canal with the mails from India, China and Japan, thus commencing the postal service by that route.

Vrain Lucas, who was charged with forging numerous autographs and documents, sold by him to M. Chasles, has been sentenced to two years' imprisonment.

At the ball given at the American Embassy, in honor of the anniversary of Washington's birthday, all the diplomatic and official officers, the members of the Cabinet, and the *élite* of the American residents, were present. It was a great success.

After a two days' debate the punishment of death has been struck out from the new penal code for the North German Confederation, notwithstanding a speech from Count Bismarck strongly opposing this alteration of the law. There were 118 votes in favor of abolition, and 81 against it.

A letter from Cracow states that Barbara Ubryk, the nun who was confined for so many years in a cell in her convent, and rendered insane, as was alleged, by the cruelty of the treatment to which she was subjected, has just died in the hospital of the Holy Spirit. A popular demonstration being feared she was to be buried privately.

An Imperial decree approves of the convention concluded by the Ministries of the Interior and War with the firm of Breitmayers for the laying of a cable between France and Egypt, touching the coast of Algeria, the line, on its course from France to Algeria, not to cross the one previously conceded to the firm of Erlanger & Co. The tariff for a message from France to Egypt is fixed at $5 for 20 words.

The Faubourg St. Germain will be very gay during the Easter holidays, when the Duke of Modena will be the guest of the Larochefoucauld and Pozzo de Borgo families. The Duke, who is one of the wealthiest men in Italy, is the brother of the Countess de Chambord. His wife is aunt to the King of Bavaria. The Duke of Modena's heiress was married not long since to a son of the Duchess of Parma, to whom she brought as an instalment of her heritage 25,000,000 of francs.

Interesting news for the ladies! At a recent sitting of the Academy of Sciences Monseuir Feil exhibited several specimens of the new artificial "precious" stones just invented. They are composed of mixtures of oxydes of copper or of iron, with ether, or of compounds of brimstone and ether. He exhibited his false rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and topazes, side by side with the stones they imitate. If the eye can detect a difference it is to the advantage of the former.

At Kœthen, in the Principality of Anhalt, a middle-aged man entered the gaming-rooms and sat down at the table. After a time he gained 1000 ducats. The *croupier* passed the money over to him and asked if he wished to continue, but as no answer was returned, one of the assistants touched him on the shoulder. The individual still remained immovable—for it turned out that he was dead! The man in charge of the table then raked up the gold, saying that it belonged to the bank, as no engagement could have been entered into with a corpse. The heirs of the deceased are not convinced of the soundness of this reasoning, and they have commenced an action for the recovery of the sum.

RIVOLI.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Rhode Island Schoolmaster is a well-conducted and useful publication.

The tenth volume of Mrs. Hentz's works comprises thirteen of her sketches, stories of the heart, with the most conspicuous, *Love after Marriage*, as the title. They well exhibit the versatile talent of the authoress, and are all pleasant reading.—Lee & Shepard have the volume.

The Petersons, Philadelphia, have issued *Lost Sir Massingberd*, a romance of real life, by an anonymous author, of whom the London *Examiner* says, "He is the most humorous of the writers of fiction, but his fun is always controlled by good taste."—Lee & Shepard have it.

No 49 of the *Holy Bible*, illustrated by Doré, has three drawings—Judith showing the head of Holofernes, Susannah in the bath, and the justification of Susannah—each boldly conceived and well executed. The text is brought to the 15th chapter of Esther, of the apocryphal books, and is in the handsome letter-press of the rest of the volume. This edition has rare attractions for young and old alike.—Cassell, Petter & Galpin, London and New York; Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The eleventh and twelfth volumes of the Library edition of *Froude's History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada* have been issued by the publishing-house of Messrs. Charles Scribner & Co. They complete this elaborate work. It was the author's intention originally to have extended it to the time of the death of Elizabeth, but the narrative has assumed a greater degree of minuteness in his hands than was anticipated, and he has thought proper to circumscribe for the present the era which he had undertaken to unfold. In its present limitations the work has a definite and well-considered purpose. It is to describe the transition of England from Catholicism to the faith of the Reformation. This Mr. Froude assumes to have been fully accomplished when the great Armada was dispersed, and the Spanish power shorn of its prestige and its influence on the continent, as well as made no longer a dread to Protestantism at home. This history is, without question, one of the most interesting of the many valuable additions which the present generation of writers has made to its specialty of authorship. Mr. Froude, who was comparatively unknown as an author at its commencement, has steadily progressed in reputation during the years that it has been in preparation. He has not only gained in reputation, but in power as well. There is a gradual increase on his part of grasp of his subject and vigor and felicity of style, which in these last two volumes is signally displayed. As a specimen of dramatic arrangement and graphic descriptive power, those portions particularly describing the last incidents in the life of Mary, Queen of Scots, may challenge comparison with the great masters in historical composition. Macaulay himself is scarcely more picturesque. But Froude, like Macaulay, has too often the temper of the advocate more than of the judge. We do not accept his theory of the character of Henry the Eighth, even admitting the considerations that he brings to sustain it; and, while we recognize the candor with which he lays bare the meannesses of Elizabeth we must feel that there is something more than this quality in the pitiless severity with which her rival, the Scottish Queen, is pursued to the death, and even beyond that period. Mr. Froude is evidently a man of strong sympathies and stronger dislikes, and he does not disguise this fact from his readers. One is sometimes repelled, and oftener distrustful, in consequence. But it is these qualities to which the history owes much of its animation and vivid interest. In fact, history can hardly be made *interesting* at all to general readers who have formed their tastes from the styles of Macaulay and Motley under other treatment. We forgive Mr. Froude, therefore, on points where he seems to us unjust, and admire at times even when we fail to assent. He is a historian whom the public has only to know to install second to none in its favor. These two books are decidedly handsome ones, and are accompanied by a copious and valuable index to the whole series.

"Warrington."

SOUND PRINCIPLES AND CLOSE APPLICATION.

[From the Springfield *Republican*.]

THE RIGHT TO READ NEWSPAPERS ON SUNDAY.

The friends of common-sense legislation obtained an unexpected victory in the House, on Saturday, and again on Monday, by the passage of Mr. Woodbury's bill explaining the application of chapter 84 of the General Statutes to the opening of public libraries. There can be little doubt, I suppose, that any respectable court would hold that this chapter has no reference in any section to the opening of public libraries. Doubtless Mr. Loring and Mr. Burnham could be prosecuted under it for keeping open their libraries; but Mr. Healy's opinion that the people's libraries cannot be opened is generally ridiculed and scouted by the lawyers. Yet that opinion frightened the City Council from its propriety when it was rendered two or three years ago, and its portentous shadow has hung over the question ever since. If the city government had courage enough to disregard it and order the library to be opened, it is not likely that the legal question would ever be raised, much less decided adversely to the city; and in a week after such opening you would find orthodox clergymen and students visiting the public reading-room, as you found them riding in the horse-cars the first Sunday after they began to run, though if you were to believe them the world was sure to be turned topsey-turvey the very moment the Lord's day was thus profaned. Mr. Woodbury deserves great credit for his boldness in introducing this bill, and his speeches in its favor were very able. Rev. Dr. Putnam of the Highlands, however, also rendered it a very important service. He spoke three or four times on the question, and the way he brushed aside the false issues and sophistical arguments of the opponents of the bill was very admirable. Mr. Tarbox, Mr. Beard of Brookline, and Mr. Rodney French, also rendered important aid. Monday afternoon there came in a remonstrance, signed by thirty or forty citizens, and accompanying it was a string of names with no petition attached, which, according to the *Traveller*, were obtained by Fulton at his convention in the Tremont Temple. Fulton preached one of his "powerful" discourses, and then the pencil and a slip of paper were passed round, and the result was the string of names. I will venture to say that not one out of fifty of the signers knows what the bill was which he was protesting against—certainly not from anything Fulton said in his "powerful" and "pointed" discourse. That must be a queer idea of Sabbath sacredness which tolerates the helter-skelter caricature of Christian morality which this man sets forth every Sunday in the Tremont Temple, and refuses to allow young men and women to visit the Public Library and read religious, moral, or even miscellaneously immoral books on the same day. Why, I suppose Fulton has a Sabbath-school with libraries and catalogues—does he not? If so, his collection is probably no better than that which is to be found in other schools of the same sort, and those are so filled with noxious and obnoxious literature that a prominent religious weekly and a distinguished religious writer in *Hours at Home* have been compelled to anathematize them as unfit for any young person's perusal. Why are not the leaders of this trash prosecuted under the 84th chapter? Or is only good and standard literature to be put under the ban? A poor man is not to be allowed to go into the library and read Channing or Chalmers, Collyer or Beecher, but he must be driven to choose between the grog-shop and a Tremont Temple sermon—a fearful and hideous alternative! Let us hope that if the Senate does not concur in the House bill, the City Council will exercise their own judgment on the matter and order the library to be opened without any further delay. If the noble institution established by Boston's wisest and best men is not to be accessible on the Sabbath, let the Sunday-school libraries be compelled to close. The sacerdotal argument that, if libraries are opened, churches and Sunday-schools will be neglected, is not creditable to the clergy. Let them make their meetings and their schools attractive to young people, and they need not have any fears on this account. Rev. Mr. Murray has no difficulty in obtaining an audience. Even Fulton gathers hearers by the hundred, perhaps by the thousand, into his Temple, because he is lively and does not let his people fall asleep. And if they will go and hear *him*, who *won't* they go and hear? I observe that the *Traveller* beats its theological gong very fiercely in opposition to this measure, which it thinks is the result of a conspiracy to "dethrone God." Its faith in Omnipotence must be slender if it supposes God can be dethroned at all, much less by an act of the Legislature. And it is quite as much out of the way in supposing that the giving of permission to the young people of Boston to visit the Public Library on the Sabbath is a step in the progress of atheistic opinions, "which made a hell of France during the first revolution." There is no living naked statuary in that library, such as was set up in Paris once, and of which we shall never hear the last; nothing worse than the bit of plaster which has hung in Music Hall ever since it was built, and which has not yet proved to have been the forerunner of the guillotine; nothing in the way of newspapers worse than some of the Boston dailies, which have not yet ushered in any reign of terror, except to strict grammarians and sound reasoners; nothing in books worse than Loring sends out by the hundred into all the families of Boston and its suburbs every Saturday night, taking them back again, thoroughly read, on Monday morning; nothing in the way of ethics worse than the flimsy, enervating sermons preached from half the Boston pulpits every Sunday. Let the *Traveller* not be alarmed. Even if the bill passes the Senate, and the library is opened, there is no danger that the Sabbath will be discontinued just yet.

THE LIQUOR BILL.

It was well ascertained, some time ago, that this bill could not pass the Senate, and the exact vote by which it was killed was confidently guessed. The majority against it in a full Senate is four. It is supposed that there will be a reconsideration, and if so Mr. Ladd will try his bill. I have not heard any estimate as to the vote on this, but I shall be surprised if it receives as many votes as the license bill. The Democrats would seem to be absolved from any party obligation to aid in what is styled modification; but perhaps some of them may vote for Mr. Ladd's bill, or some other change in the present law. It is my impression that there will never be a better opportunity than this to pass what is called a "stringent license law," and that the next statute which is passed will be more likely to resemble that of 1868 than the bill now under consideration. However, there is no use in predicting, and very little comfort in groaning over, results. Very likely the Republicans may hitch along in their present shambling way for a year or two longer, but when the "rummies" and the other enemies of prohibition come again, "they come with banner, brand and bow," and unless the other side have done something to reinforce their cause by popular agitation more effective than any they have ever yet made use of, they will find no Senate and probably no Governor to interpose objections to a total repeal of their law. Major Jones, on whom the uniform of Ensign Stebbins seems to have fallen, may succeed in putting off a political revolution by the policy of discretionary enforcement. I hope he will; but he has a difficult part to play, and the next Governor may not be so much of a same discretionary opinion as the present Governor is.

COMMITTEE HEARINGS.

The committees are busy, but it takes a good while for them to complete the hearings which they undertake. I admire the way Mr. Daniell of Needham met the claim of the contestant to his seat, who came up with counsel, prepared to have a full hearing. Mr. Daniell told the committee they need not postpone the matter on his account; he did not want any counsel or any delay, but was ready at once to admit all that his contestant claimed, and to let the case be decided on that. A sensible and cheap way of proceeding! However, Mr. Daniell had an easy case to defend. I am surprised that any person should contest a seat on such frivolous grounds as the petition against Mr. D. was based upon.—Mr. Howe of Clinton has found the committee opposed to him, six out of seven of them having reported that he has no right to his seat. If the case is properly argued, however, I do not think Mr. Howe can be ousted. It seems to be a stretch of evidence to presume that the illegal voters of Clinton, half-a-dozen or a dozen, more or less, voted for Mr. Howe merely because they will not say who they voted *for*, and because they were reputed to belong to Mr. Howe's party and to be in the habit of voting the Democratic ticket. Perhaps they don't know who they voted for. If they cannot read, they may have been deceived into voting for

Palmer, while intending to vote for Howe. I dare say the probabilities are in favor of the theory that they voted for Howe, but the committee do not offer any proof or pretend that there is any. The question then comes whether this case is so unimportant that it can be decided, without harm, on presumptions and probabilities. It seems to me it ought not to be. I confess, too, that my opinion of the stupid "reading and writing" amendment is such that I dislike to see any man ousted by means of it. It is as irrational as the color qualification, though not quite so hard for the excluded voter to get rid of. It is generally a dead-letter throughout the State; and its revival, after an election is over, for the purpose of defeating the choice of men whose votes were not challenged at the time the voting took place, ought not to be encouraged.—Hartford and Erie still attracts people to the green room. Mr. Graves seems to manage the case for the railroad. I have heard his opening speech styled the most sublime specimen of impudence ever heard of in any of our committee-rooms. He seemed not only wholly unconscious that the State had been wronged by anybody connected with the road, but on the whole he seemed to consider the road an injured party, and the State the aggressor. "We don't complain of the State" was one of the expressions I heard him use. Modest counsel of most modest clients! I expect to hear of a suit brought against the Governor for a libel before long. There is nothing like putting a good face upon a thing. The prevailing opinion here is that the road will get what it asks for, in some shape or other, unless the Governor should interpose a veto. —The Committee on Education have been considering the subject of allowing some of the towns to return to the school-district system. I am told that Rev. Dr. Putnam is in favor of this. It would probably have been better to let the towns manage this matter for themselves, and come into the town system at their own leisure. I have seen in the Maine *Journal of Education* an article by Rev. C. B. Rice of Danvers, in which some very good reasons are given in favor of the district-system. Mr. Rice has also the temerity to speak against graded schools, which it is almost blasphemy to speak evil of in this region. We have in the Governor's address this year, and in the reports of the officers of the Board of Education, the usual proof of the advance of our schools in merit, drawn from the increased expense of supporting them; which is about as conclusive as it would be to argue that the State is better governed than it used to be because it costs us ten times as much as it used to for government, and because we are ten times deeper in debt than we used to be. It would be pleasant if the Board of Education would next year give us some different sort of proof of our advancement. This sort is of the nature of a *non sequitur*.—It seemed, at first, as if the Committee on Banks and Banking were disposed to refuse some of the petitions for new savings banks; but they recently reported in favor of one in the town of Wales, and the House has passed it. Last year the House thought Wales too small a place for a savings-bank. But these new places for deposit of money develop money, as frequent and cheap railroad trains develop passengers, and cheap postage develop letters. The Home Savings Bank, chartered last year, which has an office, I believe, in the new Masonic Temple, was strongly opposed as unnecessary, and was probably got through mainly to please our unfortunate old friend, N. W. Coffin, who has since died; yet, under such energetic management as Henry Smith, Henry L. Pierce, and others, give it, it received $112,000 in twenty-five days after it opened. It pays 6 per cent., beginning the first of every month, and this, perhaps, accounts for its great success.

PROGRESS OF BUSINESS.

The number of bills passed is largely in advance of the number passed at this time last year, and the orders of the day are ahead considerably in their numbers. Since the 1st of March very little new business has been brought in. Yet there are many important questions yet undisposed of. The liquor question is all afloat, and there is little expectation that any legislation will take place this winter on the subject. Pound, trap and seine-fishing has been discussed in committee, but with no result in a report. The railroad questions which are so interesting to Middlesex and Worcester county people seem to be nearly all disposed of; but there are several other special charters asked for, and the general railroad law is still in abeyance. The commissioners, I fancy, are afraid of a reaction if the bill is overloaded with the amendment adopted the other day on motion of Mr. Jenkins of Barre. There is more or less opposition to the board, which only needs efficient leadership, under the influence of the great corporations, to make itself felt, and perhaps it will be well for these railroad reformers to make haste slowly. Mr. Kellogg made a striking speech the other day on railroads. Whether or not the Hartford and Erie will get more money will depend a good deal on the position of a few leading members here, for it seems to me that this House is more disposed to follow leaders than most previous Houses have been for some years past. The labor question is soon to come before us in the shape of a ten-hour bill, which I hope will pass. The committee on the Bridgewater investigation are nearly, if not quite, unanimous in exonerating Mr. Goodspeed from charges of neglect and cruelty, and it is not likely that their report can be shaken. The committee are now considering the new attempt of Mr. Tobey and others to obtain money from the State treasury for the purpose of reviving the discharged soldiers' home, an institution closed last year after a very full hearing by a competent committee. Surgeon General Dale, whose character for humanity is not to be impeached, and whose knowledge of the whole subject is probably greater than that of any other man, is against Mr. Tobey and his associates in this matter, and believes that the establishment at Togus Springs is a proper one for the discharged soldiers, and that when the United States are willing to pay the bills for their support this State may as well close with its offer. There has been talk of another hearing on woman suffrage, but it has been given up.

Sunday Public-Libraries Again.

THE DEBATE IN THE SENATE.

The bill passed by the House of Representatives on Monday last, allowing cities and towns to open the public libraries on Sundays, reached the Senate and was considered on Friday afternoon last.

Mr. Monroe of Norfolk opposed the bill. This contest had been going on for fifteen years. He had never heard of any library outside of Boston which it was desired to open, and he could see no necessity why it should be done, for he was not aware that anybody had complained that they could not get a sufficient number of books to last them over the Sabbath. Yet it was not the people of Boston who were anxious to have the library opened, but it was a certain class of people who had a theory that the Sabbath ought to be more secularized than now. Sabbath observance has never done harm to any people, and if New England enjoys any peculiar character it has arisen from such observance. In his view there is no call for the opening of public libraries by persons who are desirous of visiting such libraries on Sunday, but it comes from those who wish to use this measure as an entering wedge against Sabbath observance, by persons who would, if they could, obliterate any recognition of Christianity or of a Divine being. The committee had this subject under consideration, on a petition, but after giving every opportunity for a hearing, and no one availing himself of it, the committee ordered that leave to withdraw be reported. This report was kept in the hands of the chairman for two weeks before the report was made, so that if any one wished he could be heard.

Mr Morton of Suffolk said there was a misapprehension of the question under consideration. There had been doubts whether the employment of persons in the public libraries might not be a violation of the law, and this bill provided that nothing in the act "shall prevent the towns and cities of the Commonwealth from regulating the opening of their public libraries on the Lord's day as they may deem advantageous to the interests of morality, necessity, charity and order in their limits." This simply allowed the authorities of towns and cities to judge what is best for the interests of good order and morality in their communities. In this city, he had understood, there was a majority of both branches of the City Council in favor of opening the Public Library on Sunday, and there was but one of the trustees of the library who was opposed to it. The legislation on Sunday laws was traced from early times, and while he would not do anything to detract from the value of Sabbath observance, in all its beneficial influences, he contended that the distribution of books from the public libraries would not have that effect. Domestic service was required in dwelling houses on Sunday, and there could be no more objection to requiring service in the public interests. He could see no more objection to distributing books in a public library on Sunday than in Sabbath-schools. Congress allowed the distributing of mails; it was no more important that a man should read his letters than that another should obtain and read a book if he felt so disposed. The Public Library would not be opened unless a majority of the people desired it, and if any one entered the library on that day for the purpose of obtaining useful information, the day would not be desecrated by the act. If any Senator could convince him that the opening of the storehouses of information of the most rational kind would tend to subserve the sanctity of the Sabbath, he would vote against the bill.

Mr. Clark of Middlesex declared the Sabbath and the marriage relation to be divine institutions for the benefit of the race, and he wished the distinction to be clearly made between the institution and the day, for it matters little whether the first or seventh day is observed. The Sabbath was not designed for the Jew alone, but is beneficial to man as an animal, and to society. He objected to the bill because he did not believe that any benefit could result from it, and further because it was designed by a certain class of people to strike a blow against the Christian religion.

Mr. Colburn of Norfolk believed the time had gone by when men could be legislated into the kingdom of heaven. It is useless to attempt to legislate in advance of public sentiment, and no one had a right to claim a construction of the Bible to which every one else must submit. Clergymen have no right to a monopoly of Sunday, to use it for secular purposes, as they do, for he had heard as good stump speeches on that day as on any other, and as much blasphemy in the pulpit as out of it. Public opinion cannot be changed by legislation, and all that can be demanded of legislation in relation to Sabbath observance is that no one shall be disturbed in the enjoyment of his rights. In that respect, while protected in his rights, he cannot demand that his neighbor shall be required to observe the day in any particular manner, nor prevented from taking his own method of observing the day. He was in favor of leaving it to the communities to judge for themselves how the Sabbath should be duly observed.

Mr. Dowse of Middlesex said his understanding of this matter was that certain persons who were opposed to Sunday observance petitioned the city government of Boston for several years for the opening of the Public Library, and when they met with an obstacle in the construction of the law they came to the Legislature. He did not understand that there was any demand for the opening of the Public Library either in this State or city, and it was due to the committee that after having given every opportunity for a hearing on the subject, at which no one appeared, and they had reported leave to withdraw, their report should be accepted. He believed public opinion was against it, and he was opposed to it as he thought it would create discord in the various towns.

Mr. Holden of Essex concurred with Mr. Colburn as to the extent of legislation on the subject of observance of the Sabbath, and in that respect stated that the Jew was now placed at a disadvantage with the Christian. He did not believe that the libraries, if opened, would be for improper uses. If the provisions of this law had been general, he should have opposed the bill, but as it left the matter of opening libraries at the discretion of the local authorities, he should vote for it.

The bill was refused a third reading:—

Yeas—Messrs. Colburn, Collins, Fox, Hathaway, Hawes, Holden, Howe, Jenness, Morton, Tenney—10.

Nays—Messrs. Atwood, Buttrick, B. F. Clark, Crosby, Dowse, Fletcher, Giles, Greeley, Hobart, Johnson, Kittredge, Ladd, Monroe, Pierce, Pollard, Pote, Rice, Wheelock, Willcomb—19.

Rev. D. A. Wasson on "Jesus, Christianity and Modern Radicalism."

HORTICULTURAL HALL DISCOURSE.

The subject to be discussed was upon one of the profoundest subjects that can engage human attention, and had to do with the deepest problem of history. He should undertake to show just what was the spiritual significance of the life of Jesus, and how he regarded himself; and to trace the development of the Christ idea and define it. It was the devout hope of the Hebrew people that a Messiah would be sent them, which belief, held through long oppression and calamity, became refined and spiritualized, approaching the typical idea of history, and furnished the ideal elements by which the spirit of Jesus was nourished.

It may be seen that Jesus imagined a divine society here on earth, made divine by the instant, unqualified sway of ethical law; that he scarcely had consciousness or life apart from that holy imagination; that he found in himself more than an individual being, and that he felt the tides of infinite life and love, the vigors of eternal law, streaming through his soul, throbbing in his pulses, thrilling in his emotions. A heart world-great, he felt himself the son of all his kind; a heart infinitely dutiful and trustful, he felt only a filial relation to the highest, gloriously incapable of being divided in consciousness from either heaven or humanity. It is probable, say the best critics, that he never directly named himself the Son of God; the "Son" and the "Son of Man" were his chosen titles. Is it not now to be reckoned among the felicities of history that when a soul so amazingly magnanimous was born there were popular imaginations large enough to give it room and rich enough in ideal elements to feed its desire? For him that hope of the people was an imperial garment, with which he, an imperial soul, invested himself, thereby coming to full self-recognition. On the other hand he made that hope purely ethical and spiritual. The coming kingdom was not to be the reign of an individual, nor of a nation, but of morals pure and simple.

It might be supposed it might be true that Jesus expected that reign of morals to be ushered in by some extraordinary display of divine power; that linking together his great hope for humanity, and his spirit of self sacrifice, he trusted the change would come through his own submission to the last suffering and ignominy, at the moment when submission on the one side and triumph on the other were complete; and that his cry upon the cross, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" indicated the sudden, terrible revulsion of his hope. That Jesus actually did rise in the body he was utterly unable to believe. In some way the vague surmise that he might have arisen so was borne to the height of an assured and joyful faith, which men capable of doubt and fear were willing to live for. The matter is probably inexplicable.

We pass to Paul to find ourselves in a new atmosphere. The actual Jesus has disappeared; the ideal Christ has taken his place. An ideal form, deriving its outward suggestion indeed, but not its substance and function in thought, from the martyred son of Joseph and Mary, is that with which we are now confronted. There was never a general worship of the man Jesus, and Paul was quite indifferent to what Jesus said and did in the body. As he journeyed to Damascus, thinking of him whose memory he persecuted, suddenly the *ensemble* of that career, and his own suppressed, hitherto impossible belief, flashed into coalescence, as in a beam of blinding light and vision of supernal glory; and then and there, between the story of Jesus and that great soul in travail, the world's Christ was born and issued into history as an imperishable synthesis.

If our civilization is good for much it must have had worth and truth for its parents. The word Christ is the star or it is the stigma upon the brow of our ancestral ages. It gives us a pedigree of folly and hypocrisy, or it had some profound and noble significance. The Christ of Paul stood in the first place for a universal personality. The body of Christ, repeatedly spoken of, is invariably used to mean as in the expression, "Ye are the body of Christ." "The Lord is the spirit," says Paul again—the one universal spirit. This spiritual being is unitive, and includes the whole of humanity. It is the solid bullion in the vaults of the universe on which the scrip that we poor mortals use is issued. This spirit of humanity, which is at the same time the Lord of heaven, is what we moderns faintly designate as the "moral and spiritual ideal." These are two conceptions which the modern mind holds, only separately and feebly and indefinitely at that; but it is not impossible to find the unity of the conceptions of the spiritual ideal and the spiritual being of man. The creative idea that fashioned the universe has not fallen asleep. Man is in the making; the spiritual fashioning of humanity is going on. That idea which contains in itself all future possibilities, and whose proper level is therefore heaven or the height of all possibility, is descending into finitude, enduring the conditions of mortality that it may win all things unto itself.

The doctrine of the incarnation of God was never either originated or apprehended by the Hebrews, but belonged to the Arian race rather than to the Semitic, and that a union of the religious conceptions of the two races was necessary before it could become fully sane. Paul bore the heart of one race to that union with the mind of another. His grand bound from the Jewish Christ of the flesh to the pure Christ of the spirit gave the electrical shock that was required. His work remained initial only, but in another century the Greek had overmastered the Hebrew in Christianity, and the Christ which Paul had declared to be united with humanity, as soul with body, was announced as the very God.

The spirit of man is that which determines what he may become. Our ideal possibility, that from above ever invites us, is our spirit claiming its own, bidding us to the festival of new life; and if humanity be essentially progressive that ideal is not limited; there must be in it an infinite scope and possibility. Paul hit the nail squarely on the head in saying that "our life is hidden in God." We are one with Him; and this ideal of humanity is realized only in the noblest unity of human fellowship. To go back from this synthesis to a deism that separates God and man, or to a Pantheism that confounds them, were like putting aside the Parthenon in favor of an Indian pagoda.

Mr. Wasson, in conclusion, explained more fully the scientific development of the Christ idea from the character of Jesus, which was peculiarly impressive in the eye of imagination. He plead for the rectitude of the idea, which he urged held the same place among the products of world-growth in religion that wheat does among cereals.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

Competitive Examinations and their Unreliability.

John Smith, merchant or mechanic, wishes to hire a boy. How does he select him? He either chooses some one whom he already knows, or he advertises in the papers, and decides between the various applicants. He commonly demands a personal interview, and compares their recommendations, their looks, and (among other things) their literary attainments. He does *not* refer the matter to a committee of clergymen and teachers, and let them hold a competitive examination, and appoint the boy on the strength of his literary attainments alone. There is not a man in America who would select a clerk or apprentice upon this method. A man would reason thus: Acquirements are something, but energy, capacity and honesty are more. I can judge of these better by ten minutes' talk with the boy, and by seeing his recommendations, than by all the competitive examinations in the world. The boy who passes the poorest examination may after all be the most useful.

Can any good reason be given why the nation should not choose its cadets and midshipmen as an individual chooses a clerk or an apprentice? Mr. Northrop, Superintendent of Education in Connecticut, is urging the adoption of competitive examinations for students at Annapolis and West Point. We are also constantly told that such examinations are the panacea for all the evils of our civil service. But there seems to be no effort among those who join in this cry to point out what the strong and weak points of the system are. In England, where it has been extensively tried, opinions vary; in this country, where it is almost untried, the system seems to be taken as a matter of course. Let us consider it.

There are two practicable systems of examination—that which is strictly and exclusively *written*, and that which is wholly or partly *oral*. The merit of the written examination is, that it is the only impartial one. Give a dozen boys the same questions and the same space to answer them, without assistance from the teacher; then gather up the questions and have them all inspected by the same man, without his knowing the names of the candidates—and you have something as near mechanical perfection as human nature will admit. This is the merit. The defect is, that in the written examination you test only literary qualifications; you can never guess whether your boy has the slightest capacity for anything but books; and you may get mere pedants, where you need men. Worse yet, they may not even be genuine pedants; for in a written examination it is almost impossible to discriminate between the results of ten years' study and ten days—between knowledge and cram.

But we need not stick to the written examination, you say—we will have the boy up and question him. Ah! but with the first oral question the principle of strict mathematical justice disappears; and the slightest thing, an unfortunate voice or manner, a stammering utterance, a prejudice in the minds of the committee, may outweigh everything else, and the choice amounts simply to a guess made by three men instead of one. Any person acquainted with schools knows that nothing in this world deals out less accurate justice than an oral examination. A single hard question, more or less—nay, the choice of after dinner or before dinner for the examination may turn the scale. And the unfairness of a committee has this disadvantage over the unfairness of the original appointer, that their responsibility is more remote and they cannot so easily be held to account. If the Honorable Mr. Bunkum is to appoint a cadet, he may feel some pride in selecting a creditable candidate. But if he is permitted to share his responsibility with an examining committee, the responsibility will be divided with the power, so that nobody has much of either.

What with these two obstacles (the uncertainty of oral examinations and the merely scholastic character of written ones), this system of competition does not of itself produce any magical results. In China, by the observation of all, it fails to put energy into public office. Competitive examination was tried in France for ten years, beginning in 1791, and its results on official character were such as to cause its abandonment, according to statements in the last *Princeton Review*. Matthew Arnold says ("Schools of the Continent," p. 104,) of the English experiments: "I have borne part in the examinations for the Indian civil service, and I can truly say that the candidates to whom I gave the highest marks were almost without exception the candidates I would not have appointed. They were crammed men, not formed men."

In our own country, the experience of the naval and military academies themselves presents evidence that examinations alone will afford no adequate test. It is a frequent subject of complaint in the navy that the highest scholars at Annapolis often fail to prove the most efficient officers. At West Point, William B. Franklin ranked first in a class where Ulysses S. Grant ranked twenty-seventh. If remarkable executive ability is thus hard to test by examinations at the end of an academic course, how utterly impracticable to test it at the beginning? Another case in point, in American experience, was the selection of officers for colored troops by Gen. Casey's examining boards. The most extravagant expectations were entertained from this method; but the results fell short, precisely in the ways above predicted. When the local boards were unscrupulous, they put in their favorites, and no unpalatable candidate (for instance, no colored man) could hope to pass. Where they were strict, they almost inevitably gave undue weight to merely literary qualifications, and the best memory carried the day. The result was that the officers thus chosen did not prove in any respect superior to those who had previously been appointed on the basis of personal recommendations.

The moral of it all is (and in this respect the *Saturday Review*, of Jan. 22, agrees with us) that while competitive examinations will commonly exclude the absolute fools, at least, they yet afford no guarantee of good appointments. The best choice will, after all, be made by the personal scrutiny of some one responsible man, who may as well be a Member of Congress as anybody else. Competitive examinations are only an experiment, not a panacea.

MINOR MATTERS.

CONNECTICUT.—The next State election is that of Connecticut, on Monday, the 4th prox. The chances of success are with the Republicans, though the opposition hope to win enough disaffected men of the former party to give them the victory. The following are the rival tickets for officers:—

	Republicans.	*Democrats.*
Governor...	Marshall Jewell.	James E. English.
Lieut.-Gov..	Morris Tyler.	Julius Hotchkiss.
Secretary...	H. Appleman.	Thos. M. Waller.
Treasurer...	D. P. Nichols.	Charles M. Pont.
Controller...	J. W. Manning.	Seth. S. Logan.

AMERICAN COMMERCE.—The President has addressed a message to Congress favoring legislation for the declining shipping-interests of the country. His recommendations are direct and specific. He shows what great advantages would result to all interests if commerce could be again brought to its former state of prosperity, and how important, in a national point of view, is the restoration of the mercantile marine to the strength and influence it possessed before the war against the rebellion. He advises subsidies to "desirable lines of ocean traffic." The communication is noteworthy, aside from its topic, from its concise phraseology and thoroughly American sentiment.

JUDICIAL SALARIES.—A bill to add a thousand dollars to the salary of each of the Justices of the Supreme Court and the Superior Court has been reported in the House of Representatives. After its friends had once succeeded in suspending the rule which requires it to be considered by the Finance Committee, the members apparently began to think that with a prospective State tax of three millions, six hundred thousand dollars, it was no time to make such an enormous increase, and they yesterday sent the bill to the committee. We hope it will stay there long enough to enable the committee to give a good reason why the present Supreme Judges should have salaries twice as large as those which such men as Judge Shaw and Judge Wilde were glad to get, or why the Judge of the Supreme Court should be placed on a footing with the Governor and supreme executive magistrate of the Commonwealth. "Your reason, Jack, your reason!"

THE BONAPARTE TRIAL.—The old city of Tours, in France, is now excited over the trial of Prince Pierre Bonaparte for the murder of Victor Noir. Three points were relied upon to make good the case of the Prince—first, an alleged plot to take his life previous to the affair of the murder; second, that Fonvielle had drawn his pistol before Bonaparte shot his man; third, that the assassin had received a contusion, the result of violence done him before the shooting. On all of these points Prince Pierre's attorneys have failed, and tailed signally. The contusion is disproved by the very physician who was summoned to prove it, and the ridiculous story of a plot seems to have had no force whatever as a counter-charge. Grousset, Fonvielle, Rochefort and other celebrities had been on the stand. The sympathies of the crowd seemed to be against the Prince. It is a trial, however, among excited partisans on either side.

WEST INDIAN ACQUISITIONS.—The President has been very desirous, for the past week, of the ratification of the San Domingo treaty, even visiting the Capitol to confer with Senators on the subject. On Thursday, in executive session, Mr. Sumner spoke for four hours on the question, and did not then conclude. It was, according to a special dispatch, a strong argument against the ratification, and seemed to produce a marked effect on Senators, nearly all of whom gave him close attention from first to last. A considerable part of the speech was historical in character, and he went very fully into the question of our relations to the whole of the West India Islands, taking ground against any acquisition of territory in that quarter at present. He told the story of the internal dissensions in San Domingo, and held that the condition of things down there was not such as to make it advisable for us to join our fortunes with those of its people. Senator Morton is expected to speak in favor of ratifying the treaty, and he will probably be followed by Gen. Schurz in opposition thereto. A canvass of the Senate shows that the body is apparently about equally divided. The President is pressing his case strongly, and does not yet concede that the treaty is defeated.

LEGISLATIVE.—The committee on a State valuation recommend that none be taken till 1875. —A bill has been reported for the annexation of Charlestown to Boston.—Another for three street commissioners for Boston.—A third for nine park commissioners for Boston.—The bill allowing public libraries to be opened on Sundays failed in the Senate not so much because the object was obnoxious as because of a fear that the innovation would lead to others less defensible.—A divorce bill, passed in the House, makes separation for five years, even by mutual agreeement, a cause of divorce, if the parties were living in the State all the time; permits a divorce for desertion after three years instead of five; leaves both parties to a divorce free to marry again; and authorizes the court to carry into effect any arrangements regarding property that may have been agreed upon by divorced couples. Hitherto adultery and utter desertion for five consecutive years have been deemed necessary for a divorce, which was granted then rather as a punishment to the offending party, who was supposed to be further disciplined by not being allowed to marry again without the special permission of the Supreme Court. The bill had the support of some of the strongest speakers in the House, who spoke with much force, and cited examples to show that the change will be in the interest of public morality. There were several amendments proposed, which, taken altogether, attacked every section and every provision of the bill. They were all rejected, however, and the bill was ordered to a third reading without any one thinking it worth while to call for a count.

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Washington.

SPECIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1870.

DOINGS OF CONGRESS.

Although it is now nearly four months since business was resumed at the great national laundry, and though a considerable quantity of linen, some of it not over-clean, has been in the wash, with a good deal of frothy suds, yet very little has been hung out to dry. Whittemore, Deweese and Golladay were wrung out, and Butler of Tennessee, after being kept in hot water awhile, was finally dropped into a buck-basket, like the Fat Knight when made the sport of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page. Senator Harlan has made an effort to rinse the barbarism out of the frontier Indians, and the military tinsel has been so well rubbed off from Gen. Ames' coat that he will probably take his seat as Senator from Mississippi, looking as much like a civilian as anybody. What spots may have been discovered upon the official wardrobe of Mr. Gorham, the Secretary of the Senate, I have not distinctly learned, but it is said he is to be overhauled and examined on complaint of a Senator from California—a region where politics are remarkably free from everything like a stain or blemish. A Senate committee of investigation have got Mr. Clapp, the new Government Printer, into a tub, and are trying chemical solvents upon some dark spots made by three or four of his subordinate or insubordinate employés who have recently been throwing printers' ink at him. Senator Sumner tried to wash away some of the large amount of well-handled and dirty fractional currency, that clean coin might be substituted for it, but the other men around the board clamored for an indefinite putting off of the whole job. Georgia will doubtless undergo a further vigorous scrubbing, until not a trace is left of the finger-marks of Bingham or Farnsworth. Representative Cullom is trying to wash Brigham Young's quilts and pillow-cases, and wants an order issued to have his dormitory—or dormitories—aired out.

By-the-way, to drop all figures, the debate on the subject last referred to, the Mormon business, was somewhat spicy. Hon. Hamilton Ward made an elaborate and energetic speech in favor of squelching out, by the federal power, the iniquitous institution of polygamy. Ex-Gov. Blair of Michigan followed on the same side; General Schenck, while abhorring polygamy and desiring its speedy extinction, was not in favor of some portions of Cullom's bill, and thought that the evil institution would yield to the influences of immigration and advancing civilization. Gen. Butler was in favor of dealing with the subject promptly and vigorously, that the Mormons might see that the territorial Governor recently sent out there is sustained by Congress. Sunset Cox (who, though he went down in the West long ago, still keeps showing his moony face above the horizon, especially when the subject up for discussion is misty enough to refract his brilliant rays,) was afraid that the Mormons would be strengthened by any legislation which would be regarded as persecution. He thought that polygamy could best be destroyed by gradual strangulation. Blair of Michigan said he hoped that Mr. Cox wouldn't attempt to strangle polygamy by embracing it! Whereat, there was considerable "latcher" among the legislative dignitaries. Brigham Young is a tough stick, and precisely how to deal with him is a knotty problem. Delegate Hooker, of Utah, styled polygamy "the social system which Moses taught, which God allowed, and from which Christ had sprung."

GEN. BANKS AND THE CUBAN QUESTION.

The House Committee on Foreign Affairs has agreed by a vote nearly unanimous to report in favor of adopting the resolutions introduced awhile since, by their chairman, Gen. Banks, and referred by the House to said committee. The resolutions declare strict neutrality on the part of the United States towards Spain and the Cuban insurgents. A lively and interesting discussion upon their consideration in the House is anticipated. Should the Cubans ultimately succeed in establishing their independence, as a result of a recognition of belligerency by this nation, they will probably be indebted more to Gen. Banks than to any other man in the country.

MASS MEETING IN FAVOR OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.

The delegation from Georgia who are here, to urge the most thorough measures of reconstruction for that State, were greeted by a large audience last evening, at Lincoln Hall, and were addressed by Mayor Bowen, who presided, Col. J. W. Forney, Hon. Horace Maynard, Gov. Scott, of South Carolina, Gov. Bullock, of Georgia, Hon. Mr. Yuba, a colored member of the Texas Legislature, Senator Thayer, of Nebraska, Mr. Fletcher, Secretary of State of Tennessee, and Professor John M. Langston, of Howard University. The object of the meeting, no doubt, was primarily to stiffen up the back of the opposition to the Bingham-Farnsworth amendment to the Georgia bill. Senator Thayer said the Senate would stamp upon that amendment. He also remarked that if Mr. Bingham were not a friend of his, and a Representative from Ohio, he would say that he was a pettifogger.

CONGRESSMEN IN THE LECTURE-FIELD.

Hon. Philadelph Van Trump, member of the House from Ohio, recently delivered a lecture on Cromwell, which he has been requested to repeat; and Senator Tipton lectured before a select company, on Saturday evening last, at the residence of Ex-Postmaster-General Horatio King, on "The Crown and the Constitution, or Demosthenes and Webster."

ONE THING AND ANOTHER.

"Gail Hamilton" is in Washington, the guest of Mrs. Speaker Blaine, who is said to be her cousin. I believe "Gail" complains of having been *cozened* by some Boston booksellers.

It is whispered that some recent movements at the Navy Yards here and in Brooklyn, such as the departure of vessels under sealed orders, squint towards a practical maintenance of neutrality in Cuban waters.

Sunday afternoon Senator Revels briefly addressed an audience at Howard University chapel, and Bishop Paine, colored, preached a sermon. The Hutchinsons were present and sang a freedmen's melody—

"My Jesus says there's room enough."

Three Chinese natives, students of the University, were present, not in their outlandish costume, but dressed like the other males in the audience.

The Hutchinsons gave a concert, Saturday evening, at Lincoln Hall, and sung at Rev. Dr. Rankin's Congregational church Sunday forenoon. Great change about here from eight years ago, when Gen. McClellan issued an order prohibiting the Hutchinsons from singing songs of freedom in the soldiers' camps in this city and just across the Potomac!

The New Hampshire Congressmen and Senator Revels are to be serenaded to-night—the former in congratulation upon their victory at the recent election in that State, and the latter upon his triumph over caste.

Senator-elect Cooper, of Tennessee, who is to take the place of the vacillating Fowler, is in the city, and has had an interview with President Grant.

The confirmation of Judge Bradley by a vote of 48 to 6 would seem to indicate that local considerations after all had but little to do with Hoar's rejection, and that he was really thrown over for personal reasons.

Joe Jefferson is nightly going to sleep here and waking up again in his inimitable personation of Rip Van Winkle. Carlotti Patti is to sing here in concert, this week; and on Monday evening next Olive Logan lectures here on "Girls"—of whom, or which, there is a variety in this town.

LEVERETT.

BRIEF NOTES.

It is said in Washington that the principal reason why Butler of Tennessee was not expelled was a fear that Andy Johnson might be elected in his place.

A writer in the *Transcript* favors a commission for the Suffolk street district improvement, and ably argues for its immediate commencement as a measure of economy. He is right.

Mr. Dwight's Horticultural Hall lecture to-morrow (Sunday) on "Music" will be one of the most suggestive and doubtless one of the most gratifying yet heard in the course. Messrs. Channing, Potter and Phillips follow, in this order.

Messrs. Hawes of Fairhaven, Holden of Salem, and Tenney of Georgetown, of the Senate, prohibitionists, were willing to let free libraries go hand-in-hand with temperance restriction—which is far more creditable than the opposite course of some of their associates.

Men who are in a majority on one question should recollect that they are or may be in a minority on another, quite as dear to them; and that the weapon which they wield against opponents may be snatched from their hands, and used remorselessly against themselves.

The Mayor proposes to bring his refractory Aldermen to terms by "stopping the supplies"—i. e., refusing to approve their bills for dinners, &c., at Young's and elsewhere. So long as the appropriations hold out, and the committees are in existence, the Aldermen can beat him all hollow in this game.

Mr. Milmore has this week received a commission to execute a soldiers' and sailors' monument for Charlestown. It will be of marble, and will represent America crowning its heroes—three full-sized figures—with appropriate symbols at their feet. The pedestal will be of granite, and of elegant design. This will be Mr. Milmore's largest work of this character, and he has high hopes of its complete success.

The confirmation on Monday of Judge Bradley of New Jersey as Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, by a vote of 44 yeas to 9 nays, shows that Judge Hoar war not rejected on sectional grounds. It also shows that there was no truth in a pretended account of an interview at the Capitol between the President and Senators in which General Grant declared that he intended to withdraw the nomination of Judge Bradley. The new Judge has taken his seat on the bench, which is now full.

Those "liberal" members of the Senate who voted for freer rum and fewer books—for a license law and against Sunday libraries—afford one of the most marked instances of serving God and the devil that has occured within the decade. An appreciative public will like to know they were Benjamin F. Clark of Chelmsford, Alonzo M. Giles of Boston, George H. Monroe of Roxbury, James Pierce of Malden, and Jeremiah H. Pote of Boston. Though few, every Mawworm will rejoice they were so many.

The embargo on the Metropolitan Railroad track, from the Tremont House round to Essex street, for nine days, shows us what the city has lost in energy and public spirit by the death of William Cumston. Had the late indefatigable President been alive, nine hours would not have passed ere he had had the snow wholly removed from that short section of the track. The Metropolitan is too tenacious of its monopoly of our streets to be allowed to refuse to accommodate the public on any slight pretext.

It has again and again been averred, and has never been disproved, that no city-officer can be active in a warfare upon gambling-houses and houses of ill-fame without losing his office at the end of the year. We may be ashamed of this, but we must recognize it; and the causes which lead to whatever of fact there may be in it need not be minutely explained.—*Advertiser*.

Why not? It seems to us, on the contrary, that that is just the duty of a journalist. Unpleasant surmises can be quieted by a little more definiteness. Let us have farther light. The *Advertiser* has got a half-truth, at least—possibly a whole one.

Dr. Caleb Swan of Easton, a practitioner widely and favorably known in Bristol county, died on Saturday, at the age of 75 years. He occupied a seat in the State Senate for one term. He was a noble-hearted man, and constantly doing kindly acts in his professional life. He was an original Free-Soiler, and universally respected. In 1857 he was the nominee of the "honest men's party" for Governor against both Banks and Gardner, and polled two hundred votes—a small number, it is true, but every man a "saint." His daughter is the wife of Senator Morrill of Vermont.

The most ridiculous newspaper-blunder of late was that of the Philadelphia *Post* of Wednesday, in attributing to Mr. Hooper, of Massachusetts, the remarks of Mr. Hooper, delegate from Utah, in defense of polygamy! The comments of the *Post*, in view of Mr. Hooper's social and business relations, his eminent propriety, and his profound respect for the old order of things, were perfectly rich. Of course an ample apology followed the next day, and a private note to Mr. Hooper in explanation of the blunder. Major Poore should send a copy of his "Congressional Directory" to the *Post* and request its use when commenting on national legislators.

Frank J. Bailey, the internal revenue collector in the wealthiest district in the country—the thirty-second of New York—who has turned out a defaulter and absconder, is a native of Hopkinton, N. H., and ten years ago was usher in our Dwight school for boys, as it was termed, before the girls' department was drawn off to form the Everett school. He was a bright little fellow, and generally popular. On the election of Lincoln, his friend Secretary Chase gave him a clerkship in the Treasury department, and when he next visited Boston it was as a fugleman for Chase as a presidential candidate in 1864. Numerous were his interviews with leading men, but poor his success, as against "honest old Abe." This service made him a revenue special-agent, and subsequently through the same kind influence collector of the fourth district of New York. Secretaries Fessenden, McCulloch, and Boutwell, in turn, thought well of him, and on the election of Grant he was transferred to the office he has now disgraced and abandoned. He was a bold and plucky officer, and doubtless interfered with many dishonest distillers, though sometimes by means that would hardly be tolerated by public sentiment outside of New York. He has lived extravagantly, and may have become involved without fraudulent intent. By his fall, the revenue-service is brought into unjust disrepute, and his brother officers throughout the country will bear a portion of his ill-name undeservedly.

Business Notes.

To their specialty of elegant clothing for gentlemen, Messrs. George Lyon & Co. add *fine shirts*, which are the crowning grace of tasteful attire.

The Gettysburg painting at Childs & Co.'s gallery proves to be a very attractive exhibition, and the number of visitors has daily increased.

Messrs. Macullar, Williams & Parker are ready with the advent of spring to give rare bargains to buyers of clothing, all of the best make. Their extensive business will allow of no considerable stock being held over from season to season. Look in upon them!

Mr. McSwiney, one of the most skillful and gentlemanly hair-dressers in town, has taken elegant new rooms in Selwyn's Theater building, where he will make each customer as youthful and handsome as his exhilarating art will allow in the shortest possible time.

Schoenhof & Moeller, the new foreign-book firm in Winter street, are now in excellent condition for visitors. Their rooms are bright and pleasant, their stock exhaustive, and their attention to orders will be prompt and accurate. It will be singular if their cosy establishment does not become a favorite resort for book-buyers.

Messrs. Howland & Jones are the successors of a house that for fifty years was famed among Boston merchants for its honor and solidity—Otis Norcross & Co. They deal in Crockery, Glass, etc., and all the novelties of their specialty are early introduced. They have now some desirable goods, mentioned in an advertisement in another column, which it will be well for traders, housekeepers and others to glance at before purchasing elsewhere. We cordially commend their establishment.

Literary Notes.

Miss Kate Field has become a resident of Boston, and is pleasantly housekeeping in Joy street, Beacon Hill. She earned about $10,000 by her lectures last season, and is now engaged on materials for next season.

Rather an unusual compliment is that paid to an American editor of the essays of an English writer by Sampson Low & Son, who have sent from London for an edition of Messrs. Roberts Brothers' volume, Leigh Hunt's "Day by the Fire and Other Papers," for the English market.

A note of suspension and interdict was recently lodged in the Court of Session, Glasgow, by Mr. Tennyson and his publishers, praying that certain publishers may be restrained from selling an American edition (Fields, Osgood & Co.'s) of the poet-laureate's works. Lord Gifford granted an interim interdict, and the case was to be heard.

Touching the theme of "Hedged In," a Boston correspondent of the *Tribune* says "it seems that it is attractive to writers as well as to readers. I am informed that the editor of a certain popular magazine finds that of the contributions of women which he is obliged to reject, nine-tenths treat of this very topic of the restoration of those of their sex once stained by sin."

A new novel by James De Mille, author of "The Dodge Club Abroad," "Cord and Creese," etc., with the title of "The Lady of the Ice," is commenced in number fifty-three (the beginning of the third volume), of *Appletons' Journal*. The opening chapters have all the vivacity and flash that made the author's former novels so distinguished. The *Journal* is ever elegant and enterprising.

A report has been circulated that the *North American Review* is in a feeble condition. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no intention whatever of discontinuing the sturdy quarterly, which in fact never was on a better basis, financially, than now. Its circulation is not large, but it is stable; and there is every likelihood that it has at least as long and honorable a career to look forward to as that upon which it looks back.

The March issue of "Oliver Optic's" Magazine, "Our Boys and Girls," has two spirited portraits of Cuban bloodhounds (which, however, are not genuine bloodhounds, but a much more fierce and much less noble animal). Both were used for the recapture of Union prisoners, the one at Andersonville and the other at Libby prison; the former weighing 159 pounds, the latter 194 pounds. Horrid beasts to be employed for such a purpose.

Music Notes.

ENGLISH OPERA.

As we do not like to be classed with those who are nothing if not critical, we have one—and only one—reason for regretting having seen the representation of the beautiful opera of "Martha," by Flotow, by the English troupe of this year and the German company of last. It is that we can't, therefore, speak so flowingly of the performance of Friday evening week as we might have otherwise, and as we should like. With the overture rehearsing all the principal themes, old associations were aroused and an expectation raised which was doomed to no inconsiderable disappointment, from first to last. And we are all the more sorry to have been led into this mood because, *a priori*, we are more than ready to award the efforts of our own countrywomen, in the domain of art, a more than ready recognition. Miss Phillips, it is true, filled her *role* with her usual even ability. If seldom great, she is always faithful and honest in her work, and seldom disappoints. From her early career at the *Museum*, some thirty years ago, she has ever met with favor, and has always deserved it. And few Bostonians ever see her upon the scene without a feeling of satisfaction. But there was certainly a great deal wanting in Miss Kellogg, which we have no desire to enter upon here, to fill the outline of a *prima donna* in the leading part of Martha. In fact, you have got to have a great woman before you can have a great artiste. The performer, like the orator, must feel before he can make others feel. If he is indifferent, so will be his audience, and so his success. It was not merely that the chief *aria*—one of the most beautiful known to melody—was not the "Last Rose" of Rotter the year before, nor of Parepa this; that the spinning scene, and the good night song, both so exquisite, were tame compared with either; that the culmination of the opera in its grand concerted piece, at the close of the third act, and which raised the green curtain again and again before the animated company of Parepa, failed to satisfy, but the central figure seemed to lack that fire, inspiration, breadth and maturity of conception which the composer himself would demand and which alone will truly satisfy any audience, either in Europe or America.

The repetition of "Il Trovatore" (always a favorite opera), on Saturday afternoon, attracted a very large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Phillips's "Azucena"—as on Monday evening previously—was the marked feature of the performance, and Lefranc in "Di quella pira" was so rapturously received that he was recalled, and sang the second time even more acceptably than the first. The choruses were uncommonly full, and the performance of the orchestra was very brilliant.

On Monday, "Il Polluto" was repeated, and, like its performance on Wednesday evening previous, began a little tamely, but as it progressed secured the warm interest of all participating. Miss Kellogg sang and acted superbly, and won an elegant bouquet, one flower only from which, loosened in its fall on the stage, Lefranc reserved as his meed as he handed most graciously the residue of the tribute to the fair soprano. Lefranc himself was more than excellent—he seemed inspired by his own melody, in which he was imitated by Reina, the affluent baritone. Encores were frequent, the audience very sympathetic, and the occasion quite enjoyable.

"Fra Diavolo," on Tuesday evening, was brought into too recent contrast with the rendering of the Parepa-Rosa troupe performance for a good name. It was, in truth, dreadfully dull. Lotti essayed the title *role*, and was a sad failure, having neither sufficient voice, sprightliness, or abandon. Ronconi furnished the grimaces for "Lord Allcash," but very little music. Mlle. Lami sang with discretion as "Lady Pamela," and showed considerable archness. Miss Kellogg, as "Zerlina," was tame and indifferent, though her sweet voice could not fail to win the sympathies of the audience. Fifteen minutes of vivacious little Miss Hersee were worth the two hours of Kellogg. (Oh! what glorious triumphs this gifted girl is sacrificing in the heyday of her youth by her capriciousness! With beauty and talent almost unapproachable on either continent, she appears as though in a continual sulk, with only an occasional gleam of good-nature. This is a sad pity, and she will realize her lost opportunities when she is fifty.) Even the fun of "Giacomo" and "Beppo," by Debreuil and Coletti, was semi-dismal and quickly over. We can say no more.

On Wednesday evening, we had, for the first time in Boston for fifteen years, "Masaniello," with the hero by Lefranc, "Pietro" by Reina, and "Fenalla" by M'lle Marie Sand. These were *the* characters of the opera, the two former excelling in their vocal gifts, and the latter in her pantomimic as the dumb girl. Though not in the best voice, Lefranc sung with his usual energy and precision, and, with the ever-melodius Reina, won encores without stint. M'lle Lami, as "Elvira," showed correctness, but her voice lacks strength and brilliancy. Reichardt, Coletti and Barilli were indifferent. The attendance was large, and in expectation of a superior performance.

"Linda de Chamounix," on Thursday evening, dragged heavily. Miss Phillips made an attractive "Pierotto," and sang with feeling and taste. Miss Kellogg (overworked girl!) was the "Linda," and in the later acts caught somewhat of spirit and energy, and both sang and acted well. Reina as "Antonio" was less successful than usual, making up for a voice inconstant to the score by some fine acting. The others must be passed-by without mention.

Last (Friday) evening "Robert Le Diable" was given, with Lefranc, Miss Kellogg and Madame Jackson in the cast. This afternoon, the farewell performance will be given, "William Tell" being repeated.

This closes the fortnight of Italian opera in Boston—the only representation of the season. The visit has given a fair degree of pleasure to our music-lovers, a portion of the troupe, Misses Kellogg and Phillips, and Signors Lefranc and Reina, being without superiors. The last three of these have, in consequence of the lack of good voices, been overtasked, and it is a wonder they have not broken down. Their associates have been only ordinary.

MISS MEHLIG'S CONCERT.

We often hear of such a one as "the child of song." Miss Mehlig is the child of music. Her music commences as she approaches the instrument, of which she becomes the living soul, continues with her every movement, her every expression, and only ceases when she has wholly disappeared. For truly, like Evangeline, when she has passed it seems like the ceasing of exquisite music. At her late *début* at the ninth symphony concert, she created a profound impression, and caused a delight and admiration which reached a pitch of enthusiasm at her second appearance, last Friday, at Chickering's Hall, which no pianist has perhaps ever before excited in Boston. Her audience there were competent judges—all our best artists, as well as most experienced amateurs, being her delighted listeners, and her complete triumph resulted from her genuine work and worth. Without space here for criticism in detail, which our "notice" hardly calls for, there are certain salient features in Miss Mehlig's performance which lie at the bottom of its success. And these we find always the foundation of any greatness, viz: entire unaffectedness and simplicity and honesty. And with these she unites a maturity of conception surprising in one who has seen but twenty-three years, even though she has been a hard-working student since she was six. The very select programme of Friday, in which this great artiste had the valuable assistance of Kreissmann, Leonhard and Eichberg, was a treat we are not often favored with. The selections from Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Bach, Franz and Chopin were all enjoyably rendered, while Miss Mehlig's part was not only perfection, but something more, namely, inspiration. For *est Deus in nobis, et agitante calescimus illo*. Certainly, all present seemed to share in a certain divine warmth, as if in the presence of the divinity of genius.

"THE CREATION," BY THE BOSTON CHORUS.

Notwithstanding there were numerous attractions elsewhere, Music Hall was well filled on Wednesday evening, when the Boston chorus gave their public rehearsal of "The Creation." Mr. Whiting presided at the organ, and Mr. Petersilea at the piano, and though the instrumentation of both gentlemen was most excellent, the performance lost much of its attractiveness in the absence of orchestral accompaniment. The choruses were very full, "The heavens are telling" and the closing chorus being the most noticeable. There seemed to be rather a lack of interest on the part of the solo performers, though Miss Houston gave "With verdure clad" with her usual sweetness.

HARVARD CONCERT IN AID OF THE ART-MUSEUM.

A well-attended and creditably-rendered performance was that of Thursday afternoon. The wonderful suite for orchestra in D, by Bach, the great Fifth Symphony by Beethoven, and the magnificent overture to "Leonora," were all finely rendered. The Hadyn Serenade, performed by all the stringed instruments, was received, as at the earlier performance, with uncontrollable manifestations of delight. Mr. Leonhard gave the Schumann pianoforte concerto in A-minor most admirably under difficulties of the instrument which might have pardoned a less-determined manipulator. The performance pleased all, and will add something handsome to the Art-Museum funds.

MR. ZERRAHN'S BENEFIT.

An extra Symphony concert will be given next Thursday afternoon for the benefit of Mr. Zerrahn. Beethoven's Seventh Symphony and E-flat concerto (played by Miss Anna Mehlig); introduction to an act of Reinecke's "King Manfred"; Weber's concert-stuck, by Miss Mehlig, and the "Meeresstille" overture of Mendelssohn, will compose the programme. Of course, the house will be crowded.

MRS. BARRY'S CONCERT,

it must be remembered, is on Saturday evening next, April 2. The programme is very attractive, as will be seen by reference to the Entertainment column.

ANOTHER GREAT MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Our hint of last week relative to another monster musical entertainment by Gilmore has ripened into a protracted announcement that it is already arranged, and it will commemorate the original peace jubilee, on its anniversary opening, Tuesday, June 14, and continuing through the week, in the skating-rink on Tremont street. Of course the building will not accommodate so massive an affair as the Coliseum held; and though all the choral societies in the State will take part, it will be in detachments of 2000 each. Messrs. Gilmore, Tourjee and Zerrahn manage the matter. The musical plan is like last year's. An orchestra of 200 musicians will be led by Theodore Thomas, Zerrahn and Gilmore in turn, and overtures and symphonies are expected to be produced with uncommon excellence. Artillery will be fired by electricity, and the Coliseum organ will be used. The rink will seat 5000 persons. The chorus seats, which will probably be in about the same form they were in the Coliseum, will be built so that the weight will bear directly upon the ground and not upon the walls. The utmost care will be taken to have every part of the structure of the safest and strongest character. The chorus, orchestra and organ will occupy about one-third of the building, and the audience the remaining two-thirds. There will be numerous ante-rooms for the use of choristers, musicians, committees, etc. The list of music published shows little variation from ordinary festivals. But doubtless there will be original features here-and-there. Mr. Tourjee will shortly issue a circular to the choral societies, presenting the details of organization, and other important particulars. The profits of the festival will be distributed *pro rata* among the societies participating.

Dramatic Notes.

SELWYN'S.

Mr. Frederick Robinson was unfortunate in having his benefit occasion, on Friday last, occur on a very disagreeable evening of an extremely disagreeable week, while also large numbers of his friends were in attendance on the opera; and, moreover, in presenting so hacknied a play as "Hamlet" to show his powers. The two former causes of misfortune could not be controlled by him, and the latter he did not wish to, probably, as recent unwitting suggestions of his had been so tortured and exaggerated, in connection with Mr. Fechter's performance of the same character, that he rather desired to show an interested public what he could do in assuming the *role* of the moody Dane. We are glad, in this regard, that he resolved to enact the part named, for by it the very creditable audience present had new conceptions of the character, and were charmed by its refinement, grace and intelligence. There was ease, sprightliness and perspicacity in its action where required, while those parts deemed suggestive of studious thought, like the declamatory passages, were exceedingly well conceived both as regards voice and force. These was no rant, no unseemly gesticulation, no spasmodic demonstration of any kind, but a quiet, thoughtful rendering, of rare unity throughout, with much "business" that was exceedingly apt and expressive. On the whole, it was a graphic and warm representation, that could not, and did not, fail to gratify those present, as their frequent and well-timed applause indicated. Should Mr. Robinson repeat the character we feel sure he will have a large and appreciative house to witness it. The support was generally quite good. Mr. Barry made a superb

"Ghost," looking the character and giving his gestures and lines admirably; Mrs. Barry, as "Ophelia," was sweetly beautiful and graphically effective; Mr. Griffiths, as "Polonius," combined dignity and old age quite successfully; Mr. Bascomb, as "Horatio," a little too stiff, as usual; Mr. Rankin, as "Laertes," was not to our liking—too little of the character and too much of himself. We cannot omit to mention the very quiet yet purposeful representation by each actor of his part, as though specially instructed for the harmony of the performance; nor fail to praise the exquisite taste of costumes, apartment, scenery, etc.—which, however, were only what we anticipate at this theater.

A delightful programme has invited the attendance of patrons during the present week—one unexceptionable in character, mingling mirth with sadness in about equal proportions, sharpening the wits, stimulating the mind, and touching the heart. It consisted of Charles Mathews's crisp farce in two acts, called "Who Killed Cock Robin," and Boucicault's admirable dramatic version of Dickens's "Cricket on the Hearth," entitled "Dot." Concerning the latter we have little need to speak. Its excellence as a drama is fully recognized, and to the superlative merits of its performance at this theater we have heretofore borne emphatic testimony. Mr. Harry Pearson realizes our idea of real merit in his impersonation of the rough and honest nature of "John Perrybingle." Mr. Griffiths has reason to be pleased at his successful effort to lose his own identity in that of the aged, feeble, sweet-natured, self-sacrificing father and toy-maker. Mrs. Barry is the personification of innocence, purity and girlish freshness as "Dot." Miss Cary draws some fine lines as "Bertha," the blind girl. Mr. LeMoyne inspires a virulence of hatred in the audience against old "Tackleton," and Mr. Stuart Robson is irresistible as "Tilly Slowboy." So impressive and yet so good a play is seldom seen. The fun of the farce presents a brilliant contrast to the deep pathos of the drama. It sparkles all over with mirth. It keeps the audience in a roar from beginning to end. It is one of the best of its kind that we have ever seen, and why it has not been made familiar to our public we cannot imagine. We had previously seen it as produced by Mrs. John Wood at the *Olympic Theater*, in New York, several years since. She herself impersonated "Satanella," and Mr. E. L. Davenport was the "Jack Raggett." The performance of these popular players was the talk of Gotham for weeks. The *locale* of the farce is now changed from New York to Boston, and the plot runs as follows:—"Satanella" (Miss Kitty Blanchard) is a young lady of Mexican origin, resident in this city, who blends in her nature a dash of savage wildness with the temperate grace of social civilization. The savage element preponderates, however, and makes her an explosive character. Her father (Mr. Griffiths) is the first person to feel the shock of this feminine turbulence; and, being a mild old gentleman, he is speedily reduced to a state of chronic trepidation, which is softened by a very natural wish to dwell in loneliness in some "neat white cottage with emerald-green blinds," at Jamaica Plain, or Deer Island, or Swampscott—it seems to matter not which. Jack Raggett (Mr. McKee Rankin) is her next victim. She marries this person under the delusion that he has killed Robin, her first love, in a duel at Hull, and she torments him from the hour of their marriage by such ludicrous and dangerous devices of malice as changing the hands of his watch, hiding one slipper and one boot, cutting his waistcoat and suspenders, ripping his cigars, inserting pepper in his smoking-cap, and sewing his pocket-handkerchief to his walking-coat. In time, however, Jack discovers her secret determination, conquers it by well-directed force, and the end is harmony and hugging—Robin, meanwhile, having turned out to be "alive and kicking" with another woman at No. 19 Brimmer place. This farce has plot, and it is also made memorable by its clever incident and witty and well-sustained dialogue. It requires the utmost rapidity and brilliancy of action. The parts in which Mrs. John Wood and Mr. Davenport were absolute perfection in New York are here somewhat diluted; but enough of the original essence remains to make them delightfully amusing. Miss Blanchard seems to need a galvanic shock throughout the whole of the first act, and Mr. Rankin also errs from too much deliberation over his speeches and responses. Mr. Griffiths, as the Sire, is thoroughly admirable. His vivacity is contagious, and the way in which he darkens over and under curtains and tables, and smashes four-foot bedheads, is a caution to low comedians. Miss Cary is sufficiently pert in manner and *outre* in appearance for the chambermaid. Whatever the shortcomings in this performance, which, however, may not strike those who witness it for the first time, there is much capital acting on the part of all, and we advise everybody to find out "Who Killed Cock Robin" the very first time he has a chance.

Next week Mr. Sowyn designs to produce a new and quiet domestic drama, written by Henry J. Byron, entitled "Sir Simon Simple," which resembles in character that author's affecting play called "Dearer than Life," which was so cleverly played at *Sowyn's* some two years since. It will be produced with a strong cast and suitable scenery. "Lost at Sea" will probably follow during the week afterward. Other novelties are also in preparation, through the ceaseless activity of Mr. Sowyn, who has his first pick of the best foreign novelties.

BOSTON MUSEUM.

"Fron-Fron" is to be withdrawn with the performance of this afternoon. It has fulfilled its mission at this theater and proved successful. On Monday evening next Mr. Field will offer the first representation of Goldsmith's admirable comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," in its new guise, which will be so distinct and excellent in all details of scenery, costume and appointments as almost to justify the public in believing that they are witnessing a new piece. In its production, so long promised, no pains or expense have been spared; while the merit of the cast speaks for itself to every thoughtful mind. In London, at the *St. James Theater*, Mrs. John Wood has revived this glorious comedy in a manner from which Mr. Field has in much taken pattern, and there it has enjoyed a run now exceeding one hundred nights. Tragedy, as Mr. Booth has shown, has repeatedly reached its one hundredth night in this country. Why, therefore, in view of our superior love of merriment, should not comedy—when well presented by actors, machinists, costumers and artists—present a similar record? Surely there is no better comedy with which to start the experiment than that which Mr. Field will bring out on Monday evening next.

OLYMPIC THEATER.

This neglected place of amusement, more favorably located for a majority of our theater-going public than any in the city, deserves a better recognition than merely as a last resort. Its stage is large, convenient, shapely, and in many respects one of the finest in the country; its size, halfway between that of *Sowyn's* and the *Boston*, renders it a profitable house for a running attraction; its ventilation is good; its acoustic properties excellent, and the arrangement of its auditorium comfortable. The expenditure of a small amount of money and the exercise of taste might make it as inviting a playhouse as any we have. Its lease at present is held by the lessees of the *Boston*, who, having a company of actors unoccupied during the operaseason, and a new play on their hands, deemed it expedient once more to test the popularity of the house with a magnet for the masses. That fool on the first night was hardly a fair one, by reason of the depressing weather, but subsequently the audiences have been as numerous and enthusiastic as could be desired by the warmest admirer of sensation, whether before or behind the curtain. The new play (strange to say, was written by Watts Phillips—author of the "Dead Heart" and "Lost in London" and is entitled "Not Guilty." It is played in four acts and embraces twenty characters, beside soldiers, sepoys and a crowd of women and children who come on to swell the scenes. It is a combination of force and commonplace, well calculated to stir the audience to excitement or merriment, according to their intellectual bias. Its success is large, not for the play itself, but for the opportunity for scenic display, assembling an uncommon number of persons upon the stage, the performance of a military band, the evolutions of a company of soldiers, and a fierce engagement between contending squads, involving a startling discharge of musketry and a lavish consumption of rockets. There is neither novelty, or strength of plot, or any regard for probability in its plot; its construction is equally incoherent and inconsistent; its characters are unnatural; its incidents are not infrequently indecorous, and its language uniformly either pompous or dull. The story treats of a villain of inconceivable ingenuity who, hating the man who befriends him, picks the lock of a safe which he rifles of its contents, and leaves the tools with which the work was accomplished in such a place as inevitably to fasten the guilt upon the object of his curious enmity. The man is arrested and sent to the quarries. Here the villain appears as a kind of overseer, having sought the office in order that he might keep his eye upon his victim, and, if possible, embitter him into still further misery and closer confinement. The victim, however, escapes, his innocence is established in some mysterious manner, he joins the army, and falls in love with the girl whose life he had saved in infancy. Here, again, the fiend turns up, having been hunted by confederates with whom he has dealt foully, and donning the regimentals of a deceased captain whom he closely resembles, follows his instinct by continuing to do all the mischief he can devise, until at last he is detected and incarcerated for life. Subsidiary to the main plot, there are one or two sentimental episodes and comical acts, which furnish a mirthful glitter to what would otherwise be a very somber play. The piece was placed upon the stage remarkably well, considering the fact that it was designed to run but a single week, and an experiment at that. The march of the soldiers ("Harrington Guard") and their embarkation for India, was made attractive, while their subsequent drill was accomplished with a precision and martial bearing so admirable as to elicit the hearty applause of all who are familiar with military tactics. But one part in the play affords scope for the exhibition of the actors' art, and that is the dual one of "Captain Willoughby" and "Silas Jarrett," in which the leading man may impersonate at once a high-minded, brave warrior and gentleman, and a pitiful scoundrel of the lowest type. This task fell to the lot of Mr. Frank Roche, who failed alike in the one and the other, and was throughout only Mr. Frank Roche delivering the lines of the part in a harsh, metallic voice and stilted manner. Mrs. Booth was cast for the part of "Margaret Armitage," of which she would have made more than did Miss Morse, but, owing to the severe illness of Miss Rachel Noah, was obliged to play "Polly Dobbs," which is more properly adapted to the line of the latter. The extent of Miss Tracy's duty was to look prettily and to act like a petted child, which she discharged faithfully. Mr. D. J. Maguinnis strove worthily to be funny as "Jack Stripe," but was not altogether successful, although he frequently excited laughter, and the character carries with it the entire sympathy of the audience. Mr. Aldrich did his best with a thankless part; Mr. Leslie Allen played the old jailbird with pleasing aptness and point, and Mr. Murdoch evinced a talent for comedy for which he has never received full credit. We are not surprised that "Not Guilty" ran nine weeks in Philadelphia to crowded houses, and, regarding it from a pecuniary standpoint, we regret that Mr. Booth did not see his way clear to present the piece at the *Boston*, with new scenery, carefully-drilled auxiliaries, and an enlarged military display. So chartered for popular favor, "Not Guilty" would crowd the theater for weeks.

MR. FECHTER

returns to the *Boston* on Monday evening next. That he will be warmly welcomed none can doubt, and that his engagement of three weeks will be attended by the same *faveur* which characterized his former engagement of two weeks there is every reason to believe. The first week will be devoted to "The Duke's Motto," a play which, though not familiar, is not new to Boston, and in which Mr. Fechter's impersonation of "Henri de Lagardere" is as fine a piece of romantic and sentimental acting as this generation is likely to witness. Concerning it Mr. Richard Grant White says:—"Listening to Mr. Fechter's rendering is like reading one of Dumas's novels, in which gorgeous coloring, exciting situations and picturesque diction so artfully inspire and sustain our interest that we cannot lay the book down until the story is concluded, and only some time after are cool enough to remember that the characters are not clearly defined, the situations impossible, and the whole more like a fairy-tale than real life." The piece is to be produced with some care and expense, and will crowd the theater for more than a single week, unless we greatly misapprehend the popular taste. The subsequent evenings of the engagement will be devoted to repetitions of "Hamlet," "Ruy Blas," "Claude Melnotte," and perhaps first performances of "Iago" and "Edgar of Ravenswood." Mr. Fechter justly regards Boston as his histrionic home in America, because here he has been more fully appreciated than elsewhere, and here, he does not hesitate to state, he puts forth the best effort possible to his great dramatic faculty.

Gossip Notes:

OR, WHAT IS WRITTEN FROM BOSTON.

[To the Worcester *Palladium*.]

THE MUSEUM OF ART.

The proposed Museum of Art, to be located on the *site* of the Coliseum, goes steadily on towards becoming a reality. The trustees are men who are likely to know what such an institution should be, and they are not in danger of hurrying the enterprise forward into a crude and half-matured edifice, which when finished shall be found wholly unit for the purpose for which it is to be constructed. The Museum bids fair to be something unique for this country. In addition to its works of art and articles of curiosity, it is to include a school for drawing, painting, designing and modelling. Music and literature are studied here to the best advantage; but, until within a few years there has been but little Art instruction worthy the name—and this only at short and occasional intervals. When such artists as William Hunt and the lamented Johnston open their studios to pupils, people begin to awake to a realization of what art-teaching should be.

[To the Springfield *Republican*.]

THE RADICAL CLUB.

The two newest clubs of note in Boston, and almost the only ones at which men and women meet on terms of equality, are the Radical Club at Mrs. Sargent's on Chestnut street, and the Women's Club in Tremont place—and both happened to hold meetings Monday. At the former, Mrs. Howe read a masterly essay on "Limitations," in which was exhibited the intellectual statement of human possibilities and restraints, with no attempt to handle the religious questions that have so much occupied the discussions of this club. This recent preponderance of theological debate does some injustice to the purpose of this fellowship, which does not really aim at making proselytes to Free Religion, or overthrowing current opinions on any subject, but seeks simply to give its members a field for the full expression of their best thoughts on whatever topic they may feel an interest in. The conversation yesterday, following the best of the essay, was rather metaphysical in its character, and steered quite clear of theology and schism. The chief speakers were W. H. Channing, Col. Higginson, John Weiss, Miss Elizabeth Peabody, Mr. Wasson and Mr. Macaulay, the new pastor of Dr. Hill's old parish at Waltham; and the talk ranged from the serene region of abstract conception, through criticisms on music and the training of children, down to a keen encounter of wit that gave unwonted vivacity to the last hour of the meeting. The company was large, and included, beside those mentioned, Mrs. Mattie Griffith Browne, Miss Kate Field, Dr. Bartol, Dr. J. M. Manning, "Warrington," Mrs. L. C. Moulton, etc.—the women having a decided majority over the men, while the ghosts were nowhere.

THE WOMEN'S CLUB.

At the Women's Club in the afternoon it was just the same, only more so, when Col. Higginson stood up in a corner and talked to his audience, mainly of women, about "Literature in a Republic," one of the most sparkling of his essays. He began by remarking on the poverty of American literature thus far, and the celerity with which posterity would forget the most of our past and present writers. They will find themselves less known than Edward Everett was to the Essex county girl whom he met in the stage-coach, and to whom, at parting, he communicated his name as one she might possibly have heard of. "Everett!" said the artless damsel, "I want to know! Be you a Salem man?" But we are coming to a literature of which we need not be ashamed, and we have some great advantages not enjoyed to the same extent elsewhere. It is a real advance for literature to have escaped the depressing influence of an aristocracy of birth, which has weighed so heavily upon the genius of French and English writers. He told the story of Voltaire's reply to the Chevalier de Rohan, who had him flogged for it and sent to the Bastile, just as Carlyle gives it in his Frederick, and said that this insolence of the titled patrons of literature had forced from Dr. Johnson the only good couplet he ever wrote, the one ending,

"Toil, envy, want, the patron and the jail;"

the next worst thing to the jail being a nobleman's patronage. Things had grown better in England since Johnson wrote, yet Col. H. dreaded to think what Emerson would have become had he lived in modern England, cut off from that daily contact with the hard and site of the people which has done so much for his genius. He might have been an intellectual voluptuary, living in the selfish seclusion of a scholar, or, like Carlyle, saddened and depressed at the hopeless evils about him, might be now ending his days in angry resistance to the spirit of the time. In this way the essayist went on to develop his idea, already familiar in his writings, that America offers the best field for the men and women of letters because it is a republic, and because here will be earliest recognized the due share of women in the state and in society. No discussion followed.

[To the New York *Tribune*.]

"CARL HAMILTON" AND FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.

I observe that many newspapers, in noticing the book, say that it would be unjust to pronounce an opinion upon the matters in controversy until the publishers so bitterly attacked shall have been heard in their own defense. I think there is no ground for the assumption that the house is likely to take any steps to meet or resent this assault. They will rather rest their own reputation and the manifest disqualification of their accuser by reason of temper and prejudice, and so let the gale blow itself out.

A COMING POET.

The principal poem in the April number of *Old and New* is a rather long narrative piece, "The Queen and Elinor," by Frederic Wadsworth Loring. It suggests an admiration for William Morris, and aims too high to do its author justice. I wish he might have made his first appearance before the general reading public with something more fairly displaying his abilities, for when the observing Bostonian looks about among the rising generation to catch the first gleams of the genius which may be only the glow-worm of a night or may prove the light-house to which all men shall turn a dozen or twenty years hence, he sees few whose promise seems to have a brighter or steadier glow than this same Mr. Loring. Yet only a senior in Harvard College, his writings have hitherto appeared mainly in the *Harvard Advocate*, though of late he has discovered the folly of a universal application of the maxim, "Base is the slave that pays," and has found that even verses may be sold for gold, so that his muse has vouchsafed contributions to the *Daily Advertiser* and *Commercial Bulletin*. His forte, or the forte of his youth thus far, is *vers de société*, and he has written some little things celebrating young love with a tenderness flavored with a certain cool humor, which might have been done by Thackeray, in that fresh, earnest, enthusiastic stage of his literary life which he depicts in Arthur Pendennis. The newspapers have caught up some of these trifles—such as "Love in an Apple-Tree," and "Courting and Cooking"—and given them a circulation as wide as the country.

DITTO ESSAYIST.

It is a puzzling, yet a fascinating business, this looking about among the colts just entered for the race of life, to use the metaphor employed by Dr. Holmes in one of his "Autocrat" poems, and wondering and guessing which will be among the first favorites at the distant mile-posts. And in connection with this reflection let me mention how one young Boston writer has struck into a new road for fame by contributing to the English periodicals of the highest literary grade. In the number of *Fraser* to arrive by the next steamer will be a paper on "The Practical Workings of the Ballot in the United States"—a subject in which the English Liberals take a very deep interest—by Mr. John T. Morse, Jr., who has written other things for that magazine under Mr. Froude's management, and has contributed essays to the *Saturday Review*. In legal literature Mr. Morse's name is not unknown in his own country, for he has had papers in the *Law Review*, and has lately published an octavo on "The Laws of Banking and Currency;" but as newspaper leaders are impersonal, and do not count for reputation, it is likely that the general public in America will first learn of the remarkable vigor and clearness of his prose, the grasp of his thought and the crispness of his expression, through the praises which will come from the other side of the Atlantic. But Mr. Morse is a lawyer, and perhaps will not stick to literature long enough to achieve what he might by concentrating his effort there.

THE "ADVERTISER" AT ITS RATIONS.

The editorial corps and chiefs of the mechanical departments of the *Daily Advertiser* sat down to a very delightful social dinner on Saturday week, Mr. Waters, the publisher and largest owner, presiding as host. The paper is "going on" sixty years old, and there may have been such occasions before in its history; but there have been none at least within the memory of the present generation of attaches of the paper, and one of them, the foreman of the composing-room, can look back over an unbroken connection of thirty-seven years. The joys of the feast were not for the public ear; but one of the reminiscences which came out there, as it reaches me, is too agreeable and too suggestive of the primitive days of American journalism to be entirely lost. Mr. Edward Everett Hale—who was present as representative of the family so long identified with the paper, and had as such a place of honor by the editor-in-chief, Mr. Goddard—spoke of the social spirit existing in the infancy of the paper, in the days of his own infancy and before his birth. Then Mr. Nathan Hale used to take his notes of the Convention which formed the present Constitution of Massachusetts home to the family nursery. There his wife, literally rocking the cradle as she worked, wrote out from her husband's dictation those reports which have since been accepted as the standard and issued in several editions. There the printer-boys from the office came to get their copy. There the young orator, Daniel Webster, and others of the leading debaters of the deliberative body, came to correct the proofs of their speeches, while the cradle still rocked on. And when the Convention had done its work and adjourned, the housewife, cradle-tender and amanuensis celebrated the completion of the work on the part of the journal by sending down to the compositors a plentiful supply of wedding-cake, the mottoes in which were made of notable cuttings from the speeches in the debates. That feast, Mr. Hale thought, might stand as the legitimate predecessor of that of Saturday week. And, indeed, I think there are very few journals in the country, certainly none in Boston, in which such an *esprit du corps* is preserved, in which there is such good feeling between the different departments, in which the traditions of the elders are regarded with so much respect, preserving a uniformity of character not readily to be matched, as in this same venerable *Daily Advertiser*, never so young in all the essentials of a vigorous youth as it is now.

NEWS OUTLINE.

Domestic.

BOSTON AND VICINITY.

The subject of a new bridge between Boston and Charlestown is again being agitated.

It is understood that the Legislative committee on towns will report a bill uniting the cities of Charlestown and Boston, leaving the question of its acceptance to a vote of the people of the two cities.

A suit has been instituted by the Dudley heirs to recover back the land upon which the old City Hall of Roxbury is located. It was willed to the town upon condition that it should be forever used for town purposes, and it is contended that the act of annexation vitiated the terms of the will, and of right it should revert back to the heirs.

IN GENERAL.

A number of the working-girls of Cincinnati have become ashamed of work, and carry books in their hands when passing along the street, in order to create an impression that they are attending school.

Abbie Monroe, a married seamstress residing in Portland, died last week, almost literally from starvation. She was too proud to make her condition known, and labored with her needle early and late to procure funds to support in idleness a lazy, good-for-nothing husband.

Since the exhibition of Prince Arthur's pedestrian proclivities, walking has become quite the thing with the nobby young men who are always on the lookout to ape foreign ways. Heretofore it has been decidedly ungenteel to take a long stroll through the suburbs. But H. R. H. has changed all that. It is already not an unusual sight to see a squad of young fellows dressed in short coats and thick-soled shoes start off parkwards at a swinging pace for a two hours' walk instead of driving a fast team or loafing around billiard-rooms and hotel entrances, as used to be their habit.

Sunday Services.

SPIRITUALISM—Music Hall.—Prof. Wm. Denton will deliver his last discourse this season Sunday afternoon at 2½ o'clock. Subject: "Orthodoxy false since Spiritualism is true." Fine quartette singing.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Mr. Doyle, the well known clerk at the American House, Boston, is one of the great favorites with the traveling public. His well-known face at the office is only an intimation of the thorough comfort and uniform courtesy which meets the guest throughout.

Among the wholesale and retail carpet stores of Boston may be mentioned the large establishments of Messrs. John H. Pray, Sons & Co., 132 Washington, 23 Franklin, and 63 Hawley streets, Boston. As importers and dealers in carpeting of every description, their house has a reputation which is acknowledged by large retail carpet dealers throughout the country. It is the most extensive establishment of the kind in Boston, and their select stock of freshly imported carpetings, as also the best American manufactures, are shown to the public by polite and attentive clerks.

A Fraud Upon Housekeepers.—The success attending the sale of Pyle's Dietitic Saleratus during the past ten years has made it a staple article, which is sold about as close as flour or sugar. But among the grocerymen there are those who resort to very disreputable means to dissuade their customers from the use of this celebrated article, for the purpose of supplying something cheaper, from which they derive a larger profit. Housekeepers do themselves great injustice by submitting to such imposition, and incur the risk of consuming unwholesome if not dangerous material, which, though pleasing to the eye, may be very unfit to enter into our daily bread.

Pyle's Saleratus is always put up in pound packages, and they that persist in getting it will never have occasion to regret the effort. All first-class Grocers keep it.

James Pyle, Manufacturer, New York.

DEATHS.

In this city, 18th inst., Dwight Graves, 63.

21st inst., Edward Newman, son of Thomas and Margaret Toanon, 4 yr. 3 mos. 21 days.

In Charlestown, 17th inst., Elizabeth, wife of the late Comr. James Armstrong, U. S. Navy.

25th inst., Abbie F., wife of William Wallace, and daughter of Marshall P. Wilder, 40 yrs. 10 mos.

In Melrose, 21st inst., Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Rev. F. W. Webber of Stow, 28 yrs. 6 mos.

In Lexington, 15th inst., William Chandler, Esq., 81 yrs. 2 mos.

In Templeton, 22d inst., Mrs. Adelaide F. widow of the late Rev. Charles Wellington, D.D., 74 yrs. 4 mos.

OBITUARY.

In Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, the 12th inst., Mrs. Marie Bloede, wife of Dr. G. Bloede, editor of the *New-Yorker Demokrat* (German Republican), in the 46th year of her age.

Mrs. Bloede was by birth a member of the ancient and noble family of Salisch, in Silesia. Her elder brother, Friedrich von Salisch, was one of the few young poets whose fame has survived his life. Although he died in Paris at the age of 22, his name is still preserved in German literature. As a thorough liberal, both in politics and religion, he lived in advance of his time. His sister seems to have possessed, as a young girl, not only a similar poetical gift, but the same liberal tendencies. Only those to whom the intense spirit of caste of the nobility of Silesia is known can judge to what extent she braved it, in uniting her fortune with that of an untitled German republican. She made the step without hesitation, and endured its immediate consequences with the rarest heroism. When her husband was imprisoned, and condemned to death, for his share in the insurrection at Dresden, in 1849, her courage never gave way. Coming to this country, twenty years ago, Mrs. Bloede, with her musical and literary tastes, her delight in literary labor, took upon herself the commonest cares of her household, educated her children, and made her home a welcome and cheerful place of reunion for all who knew her. No change could have been more sudden and violent than that from her early life in Germany to that which she passed here for her share. She never gave up her activity as a composer and an author, although the circumstances of her life prevented her best development. Her German poems are graceful and fanciful, resembling in some respects, the early lyrics of her brother. She acquired such mastery over English that she was able, finally, to embody her poetic conceptions in the language. Nevertheless, whatever natural ambition she might have possessed was subordinated to her ideas of duty. She was an instance—too rare in these days—of a quiet, modest, loving and contented woman. Her nature was too simple, sincere and unobtrusive to court notice while she lived, but the tribute which she living dread refused may be fitly laid upon the grave which covers the dead.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

☞ MR. JOHN S. DWIGHT, ON MUSIC;

Its Relation to Culture and the Religious Sentiment.

TENTH SUNDAY AFTERNOON LECTURE, AT HORTICULTURAL HALL,

NEXT SUNDAY, at 3.45 P.M., PRECISELY.

Tickets at Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.'s, Messrs. Nichols & Noyes's, Williams & Co.'s, and Ditson's.

*** Mr. Channing's Lecture will be the Sunday following, and Mr. Potter's the next thereafter, April 10th; Wendell Phillips the 17th. 1t Mar. 26.

☞ MERCANTILE SAVINGS INSTITUTION, No. 48 SUMMER, corner of Arch. All moneys deposited in this institution commence drawing interest on the first day of each and every month. Interest is paid on every full calendar month the money remains in the bank, thereby securing to the depositor an average rate of interest exceeding that paid by any other savings institution. All deposits, with the interest accruing thereon, are secured by a guarantee fund of $200,000. Mar. 26. 3m

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

HEDGED IN.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Ninth Edition. 16mo. $1.50.

"'Hedged In' may not make so much noise as 'Gates Ajar,' but it will produce a deeper impression where it is read and felt at all. . . . The whole question here opened—of what Christianity should do for the outcast of modern society—is of the profoundest interest, and one that grows more and more important every year in New England. We are glad that it has been raised by Miss Phelps, who will stir the hearts of many to consider it that have never thought of it so before."—*Springfield Republican.*

THE GATES AJAR.

By E. Stuart Phelps. Fifteth Thousand. $1.50.

SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 16mo. $2. Fourth Edition.

"In this latest collection of essays Mr. Emerson perhaps exhibits a greater variety of intellectual wealth than usual. They are loaded with texts for thought, sentences which act upon the brain like a stimulant.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

AMONG MY BOOKS.

By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol. 16mo. $2. Third Edition.

"The book has more good sense, good wit and good learning than any American or any Englishman, with perhaps a single exception, could bring to the illustration of the subjects here treated. Still more it shows on almost every page that keen insight and sympathy with the mind of the person criticised, which is necessary to give a high value to any criticism."—*Springfield Republican.*

MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT.

By William Mountford. 1 vol. 12mo. $2.

A book of great value as a discussion, in an entirely new vein, of some religious questions which Spiritualism has brought into special prominence. The observations, experiences and search for truth which it records, are deeply interesting.

MUSIC HALL SERMONS.

By W. H. H. Murray, author of "Adirondack Adventures." 1 vol. 16mo. $1.50.

These sermons are practical, original, and deal with topics of living interest. They are worthy the careful attention of all thoughtful minds.

*** *For sale by all Booksellers. Sent postpaid on receipt of price by the Publishers,*

FIELDS, OSGOOD & CO., Mch. 26. BOSTON. 1t

FINE FOREIGN SPRING WOOLLENS FOR 1870.

CLOTHING MADE TO ORDER — BY THE — IMPORTERS OF THE MATERIALS.

We are now prepared to offer, in our CUSTOM DEPARTMENT, the largest stock of fine Spring Woollens for Men's wear ever shown in New England to the retail trade.

Selling piece goods largely at wholesale, we import and buy directly, in large quantities, from the manufacturers or their agents, all the goods which we use.

By thus saving one or two profits in the cost of materials, we are enabled to take orders for clothing to be made to measure at prices considerably below those usually charged for the same quality of goods.

We have fixed the price for suits made to order, in FIRST-CLASS MANNER, from the finest grades of foreign Spring Tricots, in all colors—black, blue, brown, mulberry, etc.—at FORTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER SUIT (coat $27—pantaloons, $12—vest, $6); and from an excellent quality of German Black Tricot, FORTY DOLLARS PER SUIT (coat, $24—pantaloons, $10—vest, $6). Suits made to order, from real Scotch Bannockburn Cheviots—very handsome mixtures—just imported, THIRTY-FIVE DOLLARS PER SUIT (coat, $21—pantaloons, $9—vest, $5); and from a very desirable make of American Cheviot—warranted as durable as the Scotch goods—THIRTY DOLLARS PER SUIT (coat, $18—pantaloons, $7—vest, $5).

Merchant tailors supplied with all desirable styles of piece goods and trimmings, at the lowest market prices.

Terms—Cash. One price only. All goods warranted.

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER, 200 Washington Street.

Boston, March 26, 1870. 1t

HOWLAND & JONES, (Successors to Otis Norcross & Co.), CROCKERY, CHINA AND GLASS WARE IMPORTERS, 23 and 24 South Market Street, (Opposite the Dome of Faneuil Hall Market.)

Just landed by late ships, full invoices

WHITE GRANITE,

Of the different English Manufactures, including T. & R. Boote's PRIZE MEDAL WARE.

— ALSO —

John Edwards's New "Havre" and "Calais" Semi-Porcelain, or Porcelain de Terra, now so much sought after.

FRENCH CHINA, Recent Importations,

Embracing full lines of the Staple White, or New Models; also, Gold Band and Color and Gold Decorations, in Dinner, Tea and Toilet Ware, Cuspadores, Vases, &c.

Extra Thick Hotel Ware, By the package, or repacked in lots to suit.

The above goods are fresh from the Potteries in Europe, are well suited to the wants of the city and country trade, and will be sold at the lowest REDUCED market values, by the package, or in lots to suit.

FRUIT JARS.

Mason's, Millville, Gem and others, throughout the season, at the lowest manufacturers' rates. 2t Mar. 26.

"OUR BOYS' AND GIRLS' FAVORITE." Monthly Part for March — OF — OVIVER OPTIC'S MAGAZINE, NOW READY.

It contains the conclusion of Oliver Optic's story, "BEAR AND FORBEAR," has 64 pages crowded with good things, and is handsomely illustrated.

Price 25 cents. Sold everywhere.

LEE & SHEPARD, PUBLISHERS, Mch. 26. BOSTON. 1t

REMOVAL.

Mr. Jas McSwiney, Hair Dresser and Wig Maker, formerly of 250 Washington street, cor. of Avon place, has removed to rooms at 808 Washington street, in Selwyn's Theater Building, Room No. 3, where he will be happy to serve his patrons and the public. Mar. 26. 2t JAMES McSWINEY, 808 Washington St.

FINE SPRING CLOTHING AT RETAIL BY THE MANUFACTURERS.

We are now making, expressly for our retail trade, an unusually large and attractive stock of Spring Clothing, including between *one thousand and two thousand*

THIN WOOLEN OVERSACKS AND CAPE COATS,

Of the best American and foreign materials, in light and dark mixtures, which we offer at retail, at the following prices:—$12, $15, $16, $18, $20, $22, $25.

Terms—Cash. One price only. All goods warranted.

MACULLAR, WILLIAMS & PARKER, 200 Washington Street.

Boston, March 26, 1870. 1t

ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1870.

NEW WEEKLY NEWSPAPER.

THE WOMAN'S JOURNAL,

Devoted to the interests of Woman, to her educational, industrial, legal and political Equality, and especially to her Right of Suffrage.

Published every Saturday, in Boston and Chicago.

MARY A. LIVERMORE, Editor.

Julia Ward Howe, Lucy Stone, William Lloyd Garrison and T. W. Higginson, *Associate Editors.*

The Woman's Journal.—The friends of Woman Suffrage who wish to keep the issue clear from entangling alliances with other reforms and the endless host of individual whims and vagaries—who would pursue it with the same singleness of aim that marks the movement in England, and the temperance and other special reforms in this country, have established a weekly paper, the Woman's Journal, published in Boston and Chicago, and edited by Mr. Livermore, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mr. William Lloyd Garrison and Mr. T. W. Higginson, assisted by accomplished friends of the cause. The Woman's Journal is a fair and attractive paper in appearance, while the variety and spirit of its articles, and the dignity, self-respect, good-humor and earnestness of its tone, will show how profoundly mistaken are those who suppose that folly and extravagance are necessarily characteristic of the discussion of the question. The Journal is indispensable to those who would truly understand the character of the movement and measure its progress.—*Geo. Wm. Curtis, in Harper's Weekly.*

Terms:

One copy, one year.....$2.00.

Club Rates:

Any person sending six subscribers will receive a seventh copy free. Ten copies will be forwarded on receipt of $25.00.

Liberal terms to canvassers.

Boston Office—3 Tremont Place, rear of Tremont House, and second door from Beacon street.

Chicago Office—82 Washington street, Office of *Legal News.*

All communications for the Woman's Journal, and all letters relating to its editorial management, must be addressed to Mary A. Livermore, *Editor.*

Letters containing remittances, and relating to the business department of the paper, must be addressed to Woman's Journal, Box 4297, Boston, Mass. Mar. 26. tf

MT. PLEASANT INSTITUTE.

PRIVATE CLASSES FOR BOYS. Amherst, Mass. Established 1846.

H. C. NASH, A.M., PRINCIPAL.

To parents and guardians desiring to place pupils in the midst of home influences, in a situation unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness, and easy of access, where they may have superior advantages for acquiring a business or classical education, and where much attention is given to moral and physical culture, this school is recommended. 3t Mar. 26.

FOREIGN BOOKSTORE.

We call the attention of the lovers of foreign Literature to OUR NEW FOREIGN BOOKSTORE.

SCHOENHOF & MOELLER, 40 Winter street, Boston.

Subscriptions taken for all Foreign Periodicals. 2tM26

JAMES TOLMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, 111 Washington Street, BOSTON.

A large and well-selected stock of FOREIGN AND AMERICAN GOODS, Always on hand, which will be made up in the best manner, AT REASONABLE PRICES. Mch. 5. 13t

AGRICULTURAL WAREHOUSE AND SEED STORE.

AMES PLOW COMPANY, SUCCESSORS TO NOURSE, MASON & CO., AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND MACHINES, SEEDS, FERTILIZERS, &c.

Quincy Hall, Boston. 53 Beekman Street, New York. Factory at Worcester and Groton Junction. Feb. 5. 3m

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

To All Town and City Agencies: THE STATE LIQUOR COMMISSIONER'S Office for the sale of pure Liquors for Medicinal and Mechanical purposes, No. 22 Custom House Street, BOSTON.

ALL LIQUORS sold at this Office are first analyzed by Dr. S. Dana Hayes, the official State Assayer.

J. A. BRODHEAD, Jan. 1. tf Commissioner.

REAL ESTATE.

S. P. TOLMAN & E. A. HUNTING, Improvers, Valuers, and General Agents — OF — REAL ESTATE, No. 11 Bromfield St., Boston. Mar. 5. tf

FAIRBANKS' SCALES TAKE THE FIRST PREMIUMS (two medals), AT THE GREAT PARIS EXPOSITION, And are mentioned in the award as "THE STANDARD SCALES." FAIRBANKS, BROWN & CO., Mar 5. 118 Milk Street, Boston. 1y

CHARLES A. LEWIS, BOOK AGENT.

For information relating to the purchase of ancient and modern European books, in large or small quantities, and manuscripts, address 48 Rue Van Blaer, St. Willebrord, Antwerp, Belgium. Feb. 12. tf

BANKERS. KIDDER, PEABODY & CO., 40 STATE STREET.

Buy and sell bills on LONDON, FRANCE and GERMANY. Gold and Silver Coin. Also, Bonds and Stocks. 3m Jan. 22.

AGENTS! READ THIS!

We will pay Agents a salary of $30 per week and expenses, or allow a large commission, to sell our new wonderful inventions. Address M. WAGNER & CO., Marshall, Mich. 8t Jan. 8.

FINE-ART GALLERY.

A. A. CHILDS & CO., Manufacturers of LOOKING-GLASSES & PICTURE-FRAMES. Publishers and Dealers in Chromos, Engravings, Paintings, &c. AGENTS FOR Braun's Carbon Photographs — AND — Rogers's Groups.

FINE ART REPOSITORY, Jan. 8. 127 Tremont St. tf

L. A. ELLIOT & CO., No. 322 Washington Street, BOSTON, IMPORTERS OF ENGRAVINGS, CHROMOS, &C., AND DEALERS IN Prints of Every Description.

☞ Most favorable terms to Printsellers, Canvassers and Teachers. tf Jan. 1.

WILLIAM DOOGUE Continues to furnish for Balls, Weddings, Parties,

ODDS AND ENDS.

Cambridge, Mass., where the great clamor was made two years ago about whipping in the public schools, and corporal punishment was abolished, has wisely come to the conclusion to allow the teachers to exercise a discretion in the matter under modified rules.

Vice-President Colfax, Senators Sumner and Wilson, and Representative Twichell, have placed us under obligations for public documents. As the fellow in Arkansas said, on securing an "Agricultural Report"—"Now let us have the franking privilege abolished!"

Boston Common originally extended to Mason street. The whole Colonnade Block of houses south of West street was built on land sold off from it. We think, therefore, the present generation can stand slicing off twenty feet to widen Tremont street, as must soon be done.

The directors of the Philadelphia Mercantile Library did not take the responsibility of opening their rooms on Sundays, agreeably to the recent vote, on account of the small ballot, there being six thousand stockholders. So they ask a formal vote from each to derive a fair expression of those interested.

When Miss Spencer, engrossing clerk of the Iowa House of Representatives, took her first message from that body to the Senate, she was addressed by the President as "Miss Clerk." She read her message in a clear and distinct manner, and was enthusiastically applauded by the Senators when she concluded.

Connecticut Republicans are anxious about the two thousand colored voters they will get when the fifteenth amendment is officially promulgated. They might have had them in 1866 without constitutional amendment, and saved their anxiety; but they refused to take them then. Wouldn't just a little scare in April—say a majority of a hundred or so on the State ticket—serve them about right?

The Horticultural School for Women has been organized, with Miss Abby W. May as President, Miss L. M. Peabody as Secretary, E. W. Hooper as Treasurer, and a strong list of other ladies and gentlemen as Vice-Presidents and Directors. The preamble to the constitution adopted explains the purpose of the organization, as follows:—

The friends of the practical education of women, believing that a thorough knowledge of horticulture will open a new sphere of profitable labor to some and an ennobling occupation to others, and acknowledging the value of associated effort in every enterprise having for its object the improvement of the community, have resolved to form an association, &c.

—the success of which will be the wish of every heart.

Opponents of the opening of the Public Library on Sunday who read Monday's morning paper without protest; who go to the post-office on Sunday morning to get their mail without prick of conscience; who take without a murmur dividends from railroad corporations that regularly ballast their road bed on the Lord's day; who patronize the horse-cars and forget they are run in violation of the Sunday law; who applaud an opera in the disguise of an oratorio at the Music Hall; who visit the printer's the night before the city election to see that their split-ticket is all right—in short, all that large crowd of Sabbatarians who take a large share of liberty for themselves and desire to deny the same to others—are not expected to appear before the Committee of the City Council in opposition to the opening of the library every day in the week, unless they are prepared to receive the scoffs of the worldly-minded! Attorneys who advocate their cause, also, who sit in broad aisles when at home, and do not hesitate to take a few trout when in the country, both on Sundays, should have a mind unless they, too, are brought to derision!

The Committee on the Judiciary of the House, in our Legislature, has been considering the petitions asking the State to take some measures to recover the Hutchinson papers belonging to the State, which are in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society, the same that were in the hands of Gov. Hutchinson a hundred years. Mr. Pulsifer, of the Secretary's office, made a very earnest appeal in behalf of the petitioners, and showed the inconveniences resulting from those papers not being in the keeping of the State. Rev. Dr. George E. Ellis appeared as representing a committee of the Historical Society, and claimed that the society was the legal guardian of the papers, which were justly and honorably in their keeping. They had been printed twice, and were in reach of all who had the proper authority to examine them. The society did not wish to have the Legislature settle this matter, but refer it to the Chief-Justice of the Commonwealth and others. The collection was miscellaneous, and was bound under the direction of the society. Dr. Ellis argued that the papers were placed in the library of the society with the consent of the Governor.

MINOR MATTERS.

The Governor and Secretary Boutwell. In the excellent practical speech of Gov. Claflin at the fifteenth anniversary of the Mercantile Library Association, on Friday evening week, he paid this handsome compliment to the Secretary of the Treasury:—

How frequently writers who have given much thought on financial questions assert principles and suggest plans which a trained business man sees at a glance are wholly impracticable! To the writer it seems certain they cannot fail until the test of experience proves their utter unsoundness. Many such plausible theories were broached during the late war, and most of those adopted proved miserable failures. How quietly the country now rests under the guidance of a practical financier—the present sagacious Secretary of the Treasury! In early life he studied the principles which control finance and trade, and which are essentially the same in large and small transactions. Years of practical life in the country store, and among careful and thoughtful bankers, enable him to avoid the shifting counsels of Wall street, which are based on the transactions of the day, and are as unreliable and deceitful as the quicksands of the desert.

Old Prophecies and Modern Fulfillments.—The following letter appears in the *Ontario County* (N. Y.) *Times*:—

Lima, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1870.

T. M. Howell, Esq.—*Dear Sir*:—In the year 1837 you called at my store in Canandaigua, and with the kindest of motives advised me not to be so ultra on the abolition question, as it was evidently injuring my business. During our talk you made this remark, which I always remembered, and have thought of often since: "You will never live long enough to see an Abolitionist elected to Congress."

Now I write this line to say that I am thankful I have lived long enough to see a majority of both Houses of Congress composed of men of that sentiment. I have seen a practical Abolitionist elected President of the United States. But I confess I never expected to live long enough to see a negro elected to the United States Senate—placed there by the direct action of the Democratic party of Alabama to fill the seat once occupied by Jefferson Davis.

I might say, with old Simeon, "Now, Lord, let"—but hold on! There is a chance that I may live long enough to see a member of that despised race fill the seat of Andrew Jackson. When that time comes I will finish the prayer of Old Simeon.

Excuse my few remarks, for I think you said, "If you ever *do*, let me know it." I have complied. Yours, very truly, John Mosher.

"Saint Patrick's Day in the Morning."—While our Celtic fellow-citizens have hardly yet got their feet dry from their tramp through the snow and water of Thursday week, and consequently the trials of the day are well remembered, it may be opportune to suggest that there has never been the slightest reason to believe that St. Patrick first saw the light in Ireland. The controversy about his birthplace has raged among English, Scottish, Welsh and French antiquaries almost as fiercely as the contest among the Islands of the Ægean Sea for the birthplace of Homer. In the preface to the second volume of the collection of ancient laws and institutes of Ireland, the Irish editors of the "Senchus Mor" have thoroughly examined this interesting question; and have arrived at the conclusion, supported by the incontrovertible testimony of the Apostle's own confession, that St. Patrick was born at or near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, England, and that he returned in his old age to end his days in the land of his birth, and amidst the scenes of his early youth, and was not born, according to the prevalent belief, in Ireland, at Downpatrick, near Saul, "where he had made his first convert, and founded his first church in Ireland." It will be rather a shock to Irish patriotism to learn that her patron Saint was the descendant of Roman colonists, a young Somersetshire gentleman, and son of the Roman Decurio, or mayor, of Bath, but so it was. That, however, need not prevent their handsome parades on the 17th of March, and the recurrence of the festive joys of the after dinner.

What Comes from President Grant's Administration.—The steady progress made in the reörganization of the internal revenue business under the present administration may be seen from the following table, giving the aggregate receipts for the year ending at each of the dates mentioned:—

June 30, 1869	$159,124,127
July 31, 1869	162 898,778
August 31, 1869	164,176 807
September 30, 1869	167,216,174
October 31, 1869	169,509 025
November 30, 1869	172 933,302
December 31, 1869	174 399,969
January 31, 1870	174,839,925

It will be observed with interest that the substitution of each successive month of the new administration for a month of the old one shows an increase in receipts. To this increase might fairly be added the amount received last year from taxes which were abolished by the act of 1868, but arrears of which continued to be collected, in considerable amounts, for a year afterwards. On the whole, the internal revenue laws are by far the most satisfactory branch of our financial legislation, and the general administration of them, while still admitted by the best officers to be imperfect, is improving steadily, and promises well for the future.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Poem by Lady Byron.

Editor Commonwealth:—I send you a poem written by Lady Byron, addressed to Lord Byron, in answer to his

"Fare thee well! and if forever,
Still forever fare thee well."

It was originally published fifty-four years ago (i. e., in 1816), in a periodical entitled *Ackermann's Repository*. I came across it by the merest chance, when looking through a book of one of the libraries here. I am not aware that it has been published anywhere since. It is difficult to reconcile this poem with Mrs. Stowe's "revelations." J. P.

Washington, March 20, 1870.

OH, FARE THEE WELL.

BY LADY BYRON.

O fare thee well! and must the sigh,
Embodying the words that sever,
Meet those as heartfelt that reply,
O fare thee well! farewell *for ever!*

Then be it so; but still the heart
That swore to love thee, swore so true,
Shall never from its faith depart,
No—nor *for ever* banish you.

For ever, Oh! concealed there lies,
Obdurate, in that word the source
That leads to ill our destinies
And plants within thy breast remorse.

For ever! No—shall sullen pride
Thy bosom seal—excluding there,
Of feeling, the returning tide,
And cherish still thy throb—despair!

Oh! yield not, father of my child,
Once tender, ever dearest still;
Oh! yield not to those fancies wild,
That agitate thy fevered will;

To that capricious, restless train,
Not born of Reason's healthful kind,
That havoc in thy fertile brain,
And canker in thy nobler mind:

Yield not to these, Oh! by this kiss
Which on thy infant's lips I press,
And by that one—as pure—of bliss
That promised years of happiness:

Ah! how illusive, they are fled!
And since no solace of *my* care
Can yield sweet slumbers to thy bed,
Or soothe thine hours of anguish there—

Then fare thee *well*—in this adieu
Think not *for ever* that we *part;*
When all the husband *died* in you,
He was sepulchred in my heart!

CORRESPONDENCE.

From Washington.

SPECIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

Washington, March 16, 1870.

PICKING UP THE WOUNDED.

The C. C. Andrews, of Minnesota, yesterday confirmed as Minister-Resident at Stockholm, Sweden, was the regularly-nominated Republican candidate for Congress in the district formerly represented by Ignatius Donnelly, and was defeated in consequence of the running Donnelly as an Independent Republican—the result being the election, by a plurality, of the present member, a Democrat. Andrews's case is not the only instance in which a man has ultimately profited by defeat. If Mr. Burlingame had not been defeated by William Appleton in 1860, it is quite doubtful whether he would have been thought of for a diplomatic post, and, instead of having achieved a permanent international reputation, he would now be known only as a taking orator, of a certain peculiarly-distinctive style, and as the acceptor of a challenge to fight a bully; and even in these characters his name would perhaps be now lost sight of except when occasionally brightened by a newspaper file.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Senator Revels' autograph, not only on envelopes as a frank, but in autograph-books, is greatly "sought after."

New-style postage-stamps, and much better looking than the parsimonious little blue and brown square ones now in use, will, it is said, be issued by the P. O. Department in a few weeks.

It is thought hereabout that if a territorial government shall be created for the District of Columbia, providing for the election of a territorial delegate to Congress, the Hon. A. G. Riddle, formerly Representative from Ohio, now in successful legal practice here, might possibly be induced to accept a nomination for that position; in which case the District would certainly be represented with distinguished ability.

The appointment of an Indian boy as a cadet at West Point by Hon. Richard McCormick, delegate from Arizona, is a following of the initiatory step of Gen. Butler who recently appointed the colored boy of Salem. Indians don't need to be taught to make war, which they take to as ducks to the water. Perhaps the aim will be to instruct the Indian to fight more scientifically and more in accordance with civilization. We may perhaps have next a Chinese cadet appointed. He couldn't very conveniently drill and manœuvre with a queue, however. "Mellican man sell ee cadetship. Me buy-ee! Give him two bit, four bit, eight bit."

Terrence Cassidy, a native of the Emerald Isle, who resides not far from the War Department, threatened President Grant with personal violence, a few days ago, as he was walking along Pennsylvania avenue. The President requested a policeman to take the pugnacious Irishman in charge, and he was forthwith carried to the station house. It is said that he has several times hovered about the White House, demanding admission to a private interview with the President, and, on being refused, has become violent in language and gesticulation. The supposition is that there is something out of order in the fellow's attic story. Everybody recollects the assault of the half-lunatic Randolph upon President Jackson, the attack of Gardner upon Postmaster-General Wickliffe, and some other similar freaks. Menaces and attacks upon high civil rulers, and others in eminent public positions, occasionally occur in all countries, and I shouldn't wonder if a statistical inquiry into the subject should reveal the existence of a kind of "law of disorder," like that which Mr. Buckle, in his History of Civilization, assumes to exist in regard to suicides, assassinations, accidents, cases of absence of mind, &c., &c. Leverett.

A Boston Boy on His Travels.

SPECIAL TO THE COMMONWEALTH.

Steamer "Constitution," Pacific Ocean, 900 Miles South of San Francisco, Sunday Afternoon, Feb. 6, 1870.

OFF! SOUTHWARD.

On Thursday, the 3d of February, I left San Francisco for Manzanillo, Mexico. At eleven o'clock A. M. those persons on board who were not going were hurried off and the planks hauled in. The wharf was literally covered with people who had come to see their friends off and bid them a long farewell. Some were laughing and chatting merrily with those on board, while others were bemoaning their fate at being parted from loved ones. As I stood upon the deck and gazed upon that sea of upturned faces, I could not see one person whom I knew, or who knew me. But why should that fact trouble me? I was about starting from strangers, to visit a strange land, where everything would seem confusion! In fact, would be confusion, for I was unacquainted with their language and customs. Strange as it may seem, I did feel the want of the presence of some familiar countenance. I had made some acquaintances in California, and perhaps made a few friends. I looked longingly, searchingly, anxiously, but all to no purpose! I left my post, as the ship slowly moved back and around, and walked aft, and, as I was walking along, heard my name. I ran to the side of the ship and was greeted with the sight of a person whom I had met up the coast on my first visit to Russian river. I had met him several times afterwards, and the sight of him made me momentarily happy. We waved our hats and shouted good-bye with a will. As we moved slowly out into the bay the crowd on the wharf shouted and waved their hats and handkerchiefs in token of a long, perhaps last, farewell. One shot was our returning compliment, and our parting was over.

ON SHIPBOARD.

It was a fine, clear day, and in passing through the "Golden Gate" we could distinctly see the sea-lions sporting upon the rocks. Once through the "Gate," and we steam southward down the Pacific. The afternoon was spent in promenading, reading, talking, writing and getting acquainted with the passengers. The evening was spent in pretty much the same way. Evenings on these boats are not by any means long and wearisome. If one is tired of walking he can find pleasant company in the cabin and listen to vocal and instrumental music. Each boat is provided with a piano, and there are always some among the passengers who can play upon it. In the evening, the cabin is brilliantly lighted up, and those who do not wish to be on deck amuse themselves by playing cards, chess, checkers, and various other games. For some distance down we keep quite close to the shore, our course being generally south-east by east. It is quite amusing to see the passengers attempt to keep the correct time. Our watches are sometimes ahead and sometimes behind. Among the passengers are the Austrian Embassy, consisting of Rear-Admiral Von Petz, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary Baron de Benko, aide-de-camp to the Admiral, Count Pfisterci, employé of the Board of Trade, Messrs. Schönberger and Cerci, commercial reporters, and Le Baron de Tranttenberg, *Secrétaire de légation de la Majestie l'Empereur d'Autriche*. Baron Tranttenberg is a finely-educated gentleman, and speaks English very fluently. He is well posted in regard to American affairs, and is really much better acquainted with the politics of this nation than the writer. The object of the Embassy is to make treaties with Siam, China, Japan, and some of the states of Central and South America.

The second day out was very pleasant indeed. No land was in sight, but the sea was smooth. It was spent pretty much as was the first day and in "interviewing" the Austrian Embassy. After dinner, when the day had departed, "and the night was calm and clear," we promenaded the deck or sought the pleasant cabin wherein to while the pleasant hours away. Tired of card-playing and listening to the music of the piano, we would leave our comfortable quarters below and "walk the quarter-deck and whiff our cares away," at the same time listening to the music of violins, guitars, banjos and human voices. There being some Spaniards on board I spent a portion of my time in studying their language. They could speak no English and I could speak no Spanish, but nevertheless I learned something through the assistance of a young gentleman from New York, who acted as interpreter. For what I already know of the language I am indebted to this gentleman and also to Senorita Mercidas de Rabajo, a young lady who tried hard to make me understand her language. In return I attempted to teach her English, and must say that she made better progress than I did.

The third day out was rather warm, but as the deck was canopied we did not experience any discomfort from the hot rays of old Sol.

PERILS, PRAYERS AND PHILOSOPHY.

Feb. 7, 1870.—The fourth day (Sunday) opened bright and clear but somewhat breezy. For the last two days we had been out of sight of land, but this morning we came in sight of the Cerros islands. These islands are quite large, but look very bare indeed. They are about 700 miles from San Francisco, and about 90 or 100 miles from the mainland. All day yesterday we were in sight of islands, but this morning we were again out of sight of land. I have not seen land to-day. The wind has been blowing quite strongly all day. Every Sunday at 11 A. M. the service of the Episcopal church is read in the cabin. Yesterday it was read by the captain. Last night, or rather this morning early,

"One more unfortunate, weary of breath,
Rashly importunate, went to *his* death!"

He was a steerage passenger. On account of losses, it is said, he cut his throat. He is to be buried in the Pacific Ocean at 12 o'clock to-day, far from land and far from friends. In less than an hour all will be over! He will be laid in his watery grave, and we will keep on our course as if nothing had happened. Such is life! Man lives, dies, is buried and forgotten!

THE WEATHER AND THE SHIP.

It is just beginning to feel uncomfortably warm, and but for the breeze would be decidedly hot. From the vessel we can see schools of large fish darting around us and leaping from the water. They will follow the vessel for miles. Some of the more superstitious affirm that they have seen a large shark following us since morning, and believe that it is on account of the corpse we are bearing along. We are now off Lower California and running quite near the land. This vessel is some over 380 feet in length, and 40 feet in width. She is capable of carrying over 1200 passengers and 1600 tons of freight below decks. Her average speed is about ten knots an hour. She makes one round trip from San Francisco to Panama and returns in about seven weeks. She carries twelve life-boats, one or two life-rafts, and over 1300 life-preservers. Every little while false alarms of fire are given for the purpose of drilling the crew. Her full complement is about 100 men, over one-third of that number being Chinamen. The regular coaling-station for this line on the Pacific side is at Acapulco, but sometimes they coal up at Manzanillo. All their coal is brought to these ports from the Atlantic States or from Australia.

NEARING THE MEXICAN SHORE.

Feb. 8, 1870.—This morning, at about 6 o'clock, we passed Cape St. Lucas, at the southern extremity of Lower California. Just before reaching St. Lucas we pass False Cape. The latter is bold and rocky. There are four or five large white rocks rising very abruptly from the water, full 150 feet high. While crossing the mouth of the Gulf of California the ship rose and fell, and gently swung to and fro. Some of the passengers liked it; others were somewhat homesick, I guess, for they leaned over and cried New-o-o-o Yor-r-r-ke. I'll say nothing of my harrowed-up feelings! I was like Artemas Ward on his cruise to England *via* the Wabash Canal. It was hard to keep inside of my stateroom or outside of my "grub." However, we are now steering for the Mexican coast, and will be there in two days. I had myself rather live on the land than on the water, but there are some who sing, "O! give me a home by the sea!" I have no objection, but when I have anything to do with water I want it fresh. Bicknell.

George William Curtis.

BOSTON MUSIC HALL.—THEODORE PARKER.—HARVARD CONCERTS.—BROOK-FARM.—ETC.

SWEET REMINISCENCES AND PLEASANT ANTICIPATIONS.

It is not, of course, possible that New York feels any chagrin that Boston has given the most colossal concert ever known upon the continent; but it is observable that, as wind and fire finally levelled the last timber of the Boston Coliseum in the dust, the first step was taken toward the Beethoven centennial celebration in New York. The project is not yet matured; but a vision of something very large indeed, something "metropolitan," begins to allure expectation; and Boston, having scored handsomely in the game, sits upon the ruins of her Coliseum and the profits of her Jubilee to see what New York will do.

If New York will build a proper hall for musical and other public purposes, she will do well, and the Beethoven centennial will not be in vain. The Cooper Institute hall is large enough for political meetings, and Steinway Hall is good for many purposes; but it is not a beautiful nor imposing room, as a great hall should be. The most impressive hall in the country is still the Boston Music Hall, where great height and two galleries, one above the other, with the organ and the imposing statue of Beethoven, give a fine feeling of dignity. But the Music Hall lacks one of the chief characteristics of a noble room for the purposes to which it is devoted, and that is brilliancy. It is too dark. There is no smiling splendor of effect, which is always so enlivening. The darkness of the hall may be agreeable to weak eyes; it may even be described as "very much better than a glare of light"; but brilliancy remains an indispensable quality of a great hall devoted to popular enjoyment.

Yet, whether dark or light, how much has been enjoyed in that stately room! What memorable figures have passed across that platform! What exquisite strains of music, sung, played or spoken, have died along those walls! No one who is familiar with our history for the last twenty years will sit in that hall for any purpose but suddenly he sees it crowded with a silent and attentive throng; sees a reading-desk with vases of flowers, and a man of sturdy figure standing behind it, whose voice is deep and penetrating and sincere; whose words are things; who has a certain rustic shyness of movement, but whose sentences roll and flash like the volleys of a trained soldiery, and who stands in the warmth of his own emotion and the sympathy of his audience an indomitable gladiator, compelling the admiration even of his enemies as he fights with the Ephesian beasts. Against him, as he stands there every Sunday preaching to that vast multitude what seems to him the truth, and breaking to them what he believes to be the very bread of life, other men are preaching and praying, and the excommunications of the Vatican against Luther, shorn of their thunder and lightning, are hurled. Who is he that judges motives and sincerity? We do not know in this world what is believed, but only what is said and done.

This man, with bald head set low upon high, square shoulders, who looks firmly at the great audience through spectacles, and speaks in a low, half-nasal tone, visits the widows and fatherless, and keeps himself unspotted from the world. What he believes, others may question. What he is, every aspiring soul must admire. Although almost every one of them would have theologically cast him out, and have recoiled from him with dismay, yet he preserves more than any other the traditional power and individuality of the old New England clergy. He applies the eternal truth, the moral law, as he feels it, to the life and times around him. They are heated white, and his words are blows of a sledge-hammer to mould them into noble form. That dauntless mien is the true symbol of his mental aspect as he confronts the menacing principalities and powers; and the man whose voice has so often charmed the crowded hall is one of the few who distinctly see and foretell the terrible war.

Long since his tongue is silent. He who came of the toughest stock, and might have looked to live almost a century, died when it was half spent. It may have seemed to the great throng easy to climb that platform and preach a sermon every Sunday morning; but to study early and late, as if he would master all knowledge—to write books, lectures and speeches—to travel hard by night and day, losing his sleep and his food, and by the dim light in the car still pushing out the frontiers of his learning—to deny himself exercise and needful rest while the mental tension was so constant and the moral warfare so intense—this was not easy; this was to violate all the laws of life which none knew better; and suddenly the stretched harp-string snapped, and there was no more music!

Not every one who knew his power knew into what sweetness and tenderness it could be softened, nor suspected that in the gladiator there was the loving and simple heart of the boy. Here, as the Easy Chair sits listening to the orchestra, it recalls the preacher when he was the minister of a rural parish, and used to come strolling through the fields and patches of wood to measure his wit with the friendly scholar who was the chief at Brook-Farm, or to sit docile at his feet of counsel and sympathy. Or, again, it sees him in his country pulpit, the same sturdy, heroic athlete, trying and tempering the weapons with which he was to fight upon this larger scene. It was a noble character; a devoted, generous, inspiring life; a memory always hallowed in this hall. The conductor waves his baton! The symphony thunders from a hundred instruments, but through them all breathes the low tone of the remembered voice.

"Fled is that music! Do I wake or sleep?"

And as the concert proceeds, one of the series of the Harvard Musical Association, whose concerts are the musical pride of Boston, at which the performance is all of the purest classical music—so pure and so severe that the profane sometimes secretly ask whether melody in music is the unpardonable sin, and are peremptorily answered by the elect, "No; but rub-a-dub-dub and tum-ti-iddity are not music"—as the concert proceeds it is surely a striking spectacle. The great hall, rather dimmer than ever because of the consciousness of daylight outside, is full of people, gathered in the afternoon, not only from the city, but from all the environs within twenty miles, and they sit as attentive and absorbed as a class of students at an interesting lecture. If, in such a concert, melody is not the unpardonable sin, whispering is. Woe betide a whisperer at a Harvard Musical! It were better for him, or even her, that the money for the tickets had been expended at the minstrels or the museum. You might as well be a forger, a swindler, a perjurer, a burglar in ordinary life, as to be a whisperer at a Harvard Musical. Yes—you might as well "speak right out in meetin'" itself as whisper here.

Such a disciplined audience, so quiet, so attentive, so susceptible to the slightest sigh of the oboe or wail of the violin, is a marvellous spectacle. They are hearing the finest and much of the freshest music in the world. They are not exactly sympathetic; perhaps the character of the music does not permit it. They applaud calmly, and, as it were, with reservations. It really seems sometimes that they approve the music rather than enjoy it. But the Easy Chair reflects with pride that the organizer of these concerts, if such a word may be used—and certainly with no exclusion of the coöperation which alone makes such concerts possible—is a Brook-Farmer; and it complacently smiles upon the great multitude as unconscious pupils of that Arcadian influence.

And, indeed, in other days in this same city of Boston—in the halcyon days of the "Academy" concerts at the old Odeon, or still more ancient Boston Theater—many of the Brook-Farmers were often present in the flesh. Those were the days, or rather the nights, when Beethoven was truly introduced to America. Preluded with the pretty "Zanetta" overture by Auber, or with the "Serment" or the "Domino Noir," or with Hérold's shrill "Zampa," or some strain which would not now be tolerated in the Harvard concerts, the Fifth Symphony was played until it became familiar. And the long, willowy Schmidt stood at the head directing, proud as a general commanding his column. In the audience, earnest, interested, attentive, sparkling with humor, was Margaret Fuller, not hesitating, when the thoughtless girls whispered and tittered and giggled in the most solemn adagio strains, to lean over when the movement ended, and to say to the offenders, "But let us have our turn, too; some of us came to hear the music."

There, also, was the delegation from Brook-Farm, in whose appearance it was plain to see that in Arcadia the hair was worn long, that the stiff cravat and collar were repudiated, and that woollen blouses were a mute protest against the body coats of a selfish and competitive civilization. Those young fellows walked in from the Farm and out again. They made nothing of ten miles or so each way under the winter stars. And with them and of them, already accomplished in the beautiful science, already familiar with the great works of the great composers, was the present tutelary genius of the Harvard concerts, whose life, consecrated as critic and lover to this art, has been a true service to his city and, reflectively, to the country.

But even Boston does not deny the charm of Theodore Thomas's orchestra, and the delight of the New York Philharmonic music. Indeed, there was no audience which, from its training, was more authorized to judge the great excellence of the Thomas orchestra than that of the Harvard concerts. But when he went to Boston it was not a doubting Thomas. He did not play Bach and Beethoven only, but he tickled the amazed multitude with positive tunes. He raised his baton, and his varied orchestra, a single instrument in his magic grasp, consented to waltzes; or, like a cathedral choir becoming suddenly a lark, trilled airy roundelays, with which delighted, but not all assured of the propriety of delight, the audience smiled and shook, and the youngest catechumens even tapped time faintly with their feet!—a sound which, could it be conceived audible in the midst of one of the Harvards, would probably cause such a shudder of horror that the hall itself would fall as by an earthquake.

Thus the Music Hall itself is a kind of symphony of memories. It is full of delightful ghosts. Among the visible figures there are a host of the unseen; and every singer, player, speaker, as he stands for an hour upon the platform, is measured by the masters of his art. But in the famous peace jubilee it had no part. Indeed, the musical taste of which it is peculiarly the temple resisted the colossal and continuous concert with bells, anvils and cannon as something monstrous, and as repulsive to true art as a huge and clumsy Eastern idol. But not even the finest taste of the Music Hall denied the impressiveness and grandeur of the result. New York, in the Beethoven centennial, will have immense advantages. The musical resources of the city are truly "metropolitan," and such should the festival be.

MARCH 19, 1870.

NEW CARPETINGS.

PRICES TO CORRESPOND WITH THE DECLINE IN GOLD!

300 Pieces French and English Moquettes and Axminsters;
300 Pieces English Wiltons and Tapestry Velvets;
1000 Pieces Best English Brussels;
1000 Pieces Best English and American Tapestries;
1000 Pieces English and American Three-Plys and Ingrains, of every grade.

Together with an extensive assortment of

OIL CLOTHS, STRAW MATTINGS, &C.

The above, we are confident, comprises the heaviest and finest stock of Carpetings in New England, all of late importation or fresh home manufacture, and will be offered to the trade, or at retail, at prices to correspond with the decline in gold.

The attention of wholesale buyers, or parties furnishing, is earnestly invited to an inspection of the same.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
102 Washington,
23 Franklin, and
63 Hawley Streets.
Mar. 19. E3t

REMOVAL.

"HOWE"
Sewing Machines.
—AND—
BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS,
REMOVED FROM
57 and 59 Bromfield street, Boston,
—TO—
144 Tremont street, opposite Common.

PLUMMER & WILDER,
Jan. 22. tf

TIME
Tests the Merits of All Things.
1840. 1870.
For Thirty Years.
PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER

Has been tested in every variety of climate, and by almost every nation known to Americans. It is the almost constant companion and inestimable friend of the missionary and the traveller, on sea and land, and no one should travel on our Lakes or Rivers without it.

Be sure you call for it, and get the genuine Pain Killer, as many worthless nostrums are attempted to be sold on the great reputation of this valuable medicine.

Directions accompany each bottle.

Price 25 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00 per Bottle.
Sold by all Medicine Dealers. E4t Mar. 19.

ARTISTIC PAINTING.

HABERSTROH & NEEDHAM,
Fresco Painters,

In Encaustic, Oil and Distemper Colors. Also, House and Sign Painters, Imitators of Wood and Marble,
Rooms 608 Washington Street, Boston.

They are prepared to design and execute every description of wall and ceiling decoration for churches, public buildings, private residences, halls, hotels, &c. *Gilding and Embossing on Glass.* Every description of wood finished in wax and oil filling, and in varnish or French polish.

LUCAS HABERSTROH. CHRISTOPHER NEEDHAM.
Jan. 1. tf

PARLOR FURNITURE.

PARLOR SUITS
COVERED IN
English Hair-Cloth, Plush, Terry, Reps, and French Lasting,
the largest assortment of Upholstered Parlor Furniture to be found in Boston.

MANUFACTURED BY
BRAMAN, SHAW & CO.,
SALESROOM,
27 Sudbury Street, over Suffolk Market.
Jan. 1. 3m

WILLIAM TUFTS,
No. 737 WASHINGTON STREET,
(Corner of INDIANA PLACE),
CATERS, on the shortest notice and at reasonable rates, for
PUBLIC OR PRIVATE PARTIES,
large or small. Every requisite furnished from Table to Dessert, with experienced waiters to attend.
WEDDING CAKE
supplied, of the richest quality, got up in handsome style.
Superior Ice-Creams, Cake and Confectionery, of all sorts. Feb. 5.

FOR MARCH 26.

THE AMERICAN WORKMAN
Discusses the question of
LABOR REFORM
In its Financial and Political aspects, in a most masterly manner.

The American Workman is the official labor organ of New England. Buy and read it if you would understand the Labor Question.

Office 37 Cornhill, Boston. Price 6 cents.

For sale by N. E. News Co., and all Newsdealers.
Mar. 19.

SHIRTS.

SHIRT BULLETIN.

We make a specialty of getting up *nicely-fitting* Shirts to order, from measure.

6 Fine White Shirts for $18.00.

FRENCH FANCY SHIRTINGS, largest assortment, beautiful new designs and colors, at $3.50 each.

GEO. LYON & CO.,
CHAMBERS 12 WEST STREET,
Mar. 19. 2t COR. WASHINGTON.

E. L. ALLEN,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
24 Temple Place, Boston.

Invites the attention of the public to the superior quality of the Photographs he is now making. These pictures combine some of the latest improvements in French and German Photography, and are believed to be equal to anything produced in the city. tf Feb. 5.

THE
COMMONWEALTH HOTEL,
BOSTON.

This fine marble structure, covering the entire block on Washington, between Worcester and Springfield street, is complete and open to the travelling public. Rooms in suites as well as single, furnished in elegant style, to let by day or week. This hotel affords accommodations that no other in the East does, being kept both on American and European plans. Citizens of the South End will find the Cafe at the Commonwealth open until 12 P. M. All the delicacies of the country served in the best style. J. C. PARKS, Proprietor.
Dec. 18. tf

NEW ENGLAND
MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,
No. 39 State Street,
BOSTON.
ACCUMULATED FUND JAN. 1, 1868,
$5,200,000.
SURPLUS TO BE DISTRIBUTED TO MEMBERS,
$763,000,
to be allowed in settlement of notes or accredited in payment of premium where parties have paid all cash.

Distributions Annually.

All Policies non-forfeitable under the laws of Massachusetts (See Statute of April 10, 1861,) to the extent of their value.

The following Table will show the time that a Life Policy, issued by this Company, will continue in force after the annual cash payment of premium has ceased, no other condition of the policy being violated. Only four different ages, and seven payments are given; but they will suffice to show the practical working of the law referred to above.

PAYMENTS IN CASH.

AGE when insured.	1 Payment.		2 Payments.		3 Payments		4 Payments.		5 Payments.		6 Payments.		7 Payments.	
	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days	Years	Days
25		263	1	228	2	170	3	119	4	72	5	31	5	360
30		329	1	300	2	277	3	259	4	246	5	238	6	229
35	1	3	2	12	3	27	4	46	5	56	6	41	6	359
40	1	49	2	93	3	125	4	123	5	86	6	16	6	276

Policies issued to the amount of
$20,000,
on a single life on the life or endowment plan.

This Company is now entering upon its twenty-fifth year, and has at risk
$50,000,000.

For pamphlets or circulars giving details of the Company's operations, address either the President or Secretary. BENJ. F. STEVENS, President.
JOSEPH M. GIBBENS, Secretary.
Wm. W. Morland, M.D., Medical Examiner.
Walter C. Wright, Actuary. Jan. 1.

HOME SAVINGS BANK
NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,
(First Floor),
Cor. Tremont and Boylston Sts., Boston.

President, HENRY SMITH.
Vice-Presidents:
Marshall P. Wilder, A. I. Benyon, George O. Carpenter, Carl Zerrahn, Benjamin F. Stevens, Edmund P. Tileston.
Sec'y, S. Arthur Bent, Treas., Ed. O. Rockwood.
Trustees:
Daniel B. Stedman, Samuel Atherton, Life Baldwin, William Atherton, Henry L. Pierce, William P. Hunt, Edward D. Peters, R. B. Conant, George E. Hersey, Isaac Fenno, Charles R. Train, Emil Heidenreich, Lyman Hollingsworth, Joseph P. Ellicott, James Scott, Christopher A. Connor, D. E. Poland, Newell A. Thompson, Horace H. White, Joseph Smith, William E. Coffin, Peter Butler, George A. Fenno, M. Wesolowski.

Deposits received in this institution daily, from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 3 to 5 P. M., and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 8. Drafts paid daily from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Interest on Deposits commences monthly, instead of quarterly, as in other Savings Banks. A dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum is guaranteed to be paid in October and April, upon all sums of three dollars or more which shall have been deposited at least three months next preceding the day on which such dividend shall be declared.

All dividends, as soon as declared, shall be added to the principal of the depositor, and receive interest like an original deposit.

Extra dividends may be declared from time to time, at the discretion of the Trustees. 3m Feb. 12

MEDICAL NOTICE.

The undersigned, perfectly understanding the methods and means he has adopted, for the past seven years, for the prolongation of his own life in CONSUMPTION, continues to give medical advice to those suffering from chronic diseases, at the apothecary store, Pleasant street, MALDEN, MASS., near the Post Office.

Having been asked the question repeatedly, "What have you done to cure yourself?" he believes the most satisfactory answer to inquirers will be, *to do for them what he has done for himself.*

He *positively knows* from his own experience that it is in his power to prolong the lives of those who may place themselves in his care. Those in the first stage of CONSUMPTION (thousands are in this stage to-day who have no visible sign of disease), he believes he can entirely cure. The disease in the second stage may be rendered *inactive*, so that the patient may have his life made not only comparatively comfortable, but long and useful.

The third stage of CONSUMPTION is practically incurable. But cases of this kind, even, may be materially assisted; year after year may be added to the lives of those who have reached this low condition. Being apprised by his patients of the advice given them by other physicians, he does not wonder that they should utterly fail of improvement.

Consultation fee (including examination), $2.00. For each subsequent consultation, $1.00.
C. B. JOSSELYN.
Malden, Mass., March 5, 1870. tf Mar. 5.

TURNER'S
TIC DOULOUREUX
—OR—
UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL.
A Safe, Certain and Speedy Cure
—FOR—
Neuralgia and All Nervous Diseases.
Its Effects are Magical.

An UNFAILING REMEDY for Neuralgia Facialis, often effecting a perfect cure in a single day. No form of Nervous Disease fails to yield to its wonderful power. Even in the severest cases of Chronic Neuralgia, affecting the entire system, its use for a few days affords the most astonishing relief, and rarely fails to produce a complete and permanent cure. It contains no materials in the slightest degree injurious. It has the unqualified approval of the best physicians. Thousands in every part of the country gratefully acknowledge its power to soothe the tortured nerves, and restore the failing strength.

Sent by mail on receipt of price and postage.
One package..........$1.00..........Postage 6 cents.
Six packages..........5.00.......... " 27 "
It is sold by all dealers in drugs and medicines.
TURNER & CO., Proprietors,
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.
Nov. 20. Deoply

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.—Norfolk, ss.—Probate Court.—To all persons interested in the Estate of Ebenezer Chamberlain, late of Roxbury, in said County, deceased, Greeting: Whereas, Edward A. Hunting, Administrator *de bonis non* of said deceased, has presented for allowance the first account of his administration upon the estate of said deceased: You are hereby cited to appear at a Probate Court to be holden at said Dedham, on the first Tuesday of April next, at nine o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any you have, why the same should not be allowed. And said Edward A. Hunting is ordered to serve this Citation by publishing the same once a week, for three successive weeks, in the *Commonwealth*, a newspaper printed at said Boston, the last publication to be two days at least before said Court.

Witness, George White, Esquire, Judge of said Court, this eighteenth day of March, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy.
Mch. 19. 3t JON. H. COBB, Register.

CITY ADVERTISEMENTS.

CITY OF BOSTON.—School Furniture.—Proposals will be received at the office of the Superintendent of Public Buildings until TUESDAY, March 29, 1870, for supplying the Girls' High and Normal School House, Newton street, with the following furniture, viz: 700 Normal School Desks and Chairs, of the pattern to be seen at the Superintendent's office; 100 Settees (more or less), 9 feet long, for hall; 120 Settees (more or less), 10 feet long, for recitation rooms; 13 Master's Desks, with slates; 17 Assistant's Desks. All the furniture to be made of the best western oak, excepting the Settees, which are to be of best western ash, kiln dried and finished like the sample at the Superintendent's office, and to be ready for delivery on or before September 1st, 1870. The furniture to be delivered at the school house and fastened to the floor as directed by the Superintendent. The whole to be done in a workmanlike manner and to the satisfaction of the Committee on Public Buildings. Proposals to be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Proposal for furnishing the Girls' High and Normal School House." The Committee reserve the right to reject any or all proposals received. For the Committee,
Mar. 19. 2t CHAS. E. JENKINS, Chairman.

CITY OF BOSTON.—Church Street District.—City Hall, Boston, Jan. 18, 1870.—The Joint Special Committee on the Church Street District, having decided upon the terms of settlement for all the estates taken by the city on said district, and having instructed the City Solicitor to reconvey to the former owners, in accordance with said terms, such estates as are not surrendered to the city, hereby give notice to all persons who desire to have their estates reconveyed that they must apply at the office of the City Solicitor, 2 Pemberton square, and have the necessary papers for such reconveyance made out before the first day of April next.

It will be taken for granted by the Committee that the estates which have not been reconveyed at that time are surrendered to the city, and they will be taken possession of accordingly, and the former owners will be entitled to receive the value at the time of taking, namely, May 9, 1868. For the Committee,
Jan. 22. tf NEWTON TALBOT, Chairman.

WOOD-WORKS.

BAY STATE MANUFACTORY,
439---Tremont Street---453
BOSTON.

One of the largest Wood-Working establishments in New England, manufacturing every variety of work used in houses, and furnishing materials for various other kinds of work, consisting in part as follows:—

MOULDINGS

Of all styles and varieties of wood, such as Walnut, Butternut, Chestnut, Ash, Pine, etc., used for interior and exterior house finish; also, Window and Door Frames, Drawers, Cases and Drawers, Wash-bowl Stands, Dadoing, Mantles, Book-Cases, and all other work used in first-class houses.

DOORS

Veneered with Walnut, Chestnut, Ash, Mahogany, Hungarian Ash, and all the finest varieties of Fancy Woods to be found in the United States—made to order only.

VENEERS.

Our stock comprises the largest collection of nice varieties of Fancy, Foreign and Domestic Woods to be found on this continent, consisting in part of Rosewood, Hungarian Ash, French and Hungarian Walnut, Tulip, Satin, Zincotta, Plain and Blistered Native Walnut, Burls and Plain Woods, of all varieties used in Pianoforte, Cabinet, Car, and all other purposes for which Veneers are used. Also, the largest assortment of Plain and Fancy MOULDINGS for all the above kinds of work to be found.

Also constantly on hand,

ALL KINDS OF LUMBER

Kept in the largest Lumber establishments of New England, consisting, in part, as follows:—Walnut, Butternut, Oak, Ash, Cherry, Chestnut, Whitewood, Pine, Spruce, &c., &c., of the various grades, from the best to the more common qualities, for building purposes. All kinds of mill-worked Lumber, such as Roof-Boards, Sheathing, Flooring and Base, worked from Walnut, Chestnut, Ash, Maple, Cherry, Pine and Spruce—kiln-dried and ready for use.

All Kinds of Stair-Work,

Such as Posts, Rails, Balusters, Brackets, &c., constantly on hand, or worked to order.

Picture and Pier Frames,

Ovals and Picture Frame Mouldings,

Constantly on hand, or manufactured to order.

Connected with the establishment are DRY HOUSES and MACHINERY, for the execution of all kinds of work required in any of the departments of trade mentioned, among which are the following:—The Dunderberg and Monitor Veneer Cutting Machines, being second to none on this or any other continent; Veneer Saws, Resawing Saws, Planing and Moulding Machines, &c., &c.

All which the public are particularly invited to call and examine for themselves before purchasing.

All orders by mail will receive proper and prompt attention. Catalogues of Mouldings, samples of Veneers, &c., will be sent to any one upon request.

Address

JOSEPH F. PAUL & CO.,
441 Tremont Street,
Jan. 29. BOSTON. tf

FURNITURE.

BLACK WALNUT
Chamber Sets.

We are manufacturing some new styles, elegant in design and splendid in finish, among which we enumerate our

NONPAREIL SETS,
VICTORIA SETS,
EUGENIE SETS,
EXCELSIOR SETS,
GRECIAN SETS.

The above Sets all have the new style Toilet, Combining Dressing-Case and Bureau, and are offered at reasonable prices.

We received a MEDAL from the last Mechanics' Fair for our NONPAREIL SETS, and DIPLOMA for GRECIAN SETS.

BEAL & HOOPER,
MANUFACTURERS.
SALESROOM AND OFFICE,
3 and 4 Holmes Block,
Jan. 8. HAYMARKET SQUARE. tf

HOW TO GET PATENTS

Is fully explained in a pamphlet of 108 pages, just issued by MUNN & CO., 37 Park Row, New York. SENT FREE.

PATENTS.

MUNN & CO., Editors of the *Scientific American*, the best mechanical paper in the world (25 years experience), have taken MORE PATENTS, and examined MORE INVENTIONS, than any other agency. Send sketch and description for opinion. NO CHARGE. E3t M19

WOOL, WOOLENS, ETC.

HORSWELL, KINSLEY & FRENCH,
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
WOOLENS, VESTINGS AND TRIMMINGS,
12 and 14 Summer Street, Boston.
JAMES HORSWELL, EDW. W. KINSLEY, HENRY W. FRENCH, WM. W. RHOADES.
Jan. 1. 6m

DRUGS, PAINTS, ETC.

CHARLES RICHARDSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN
DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS,
VARNISHES, JAPANS, &c.
IMPORTERS OF
GERMAN WINDOW GLASS.
No. 61 Broad, cor. Milk St., Boston.
Feb. 12. 3m

CLOTHING, ETC.

FREELAND, BEARD & RICHARDSON,
Clothing at Wholesale,
152 Devonshire Street, Boston.
J. H. Freeland, A. W. Beard, L. L. Harding, Oliver Richardson, Winslow Herrick, F. H. Williams, Edw. F. Miller.
Nov. 13. Morse, Loomis & Co., Chicago. 6m

WHITTEN, BURDETT & YOUNG,
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
Men's and Boys' Clothing,
71 Franklin and 130 Devonshire Streets,
BOSTON.
C. V. Whitten, H. S. Burdett, A. S. Young, C. C. Goss.
Mar. 5. 6m

INSURANCE.

ROYAL INSURANCE COMPANY,
Liverpool, England,
Total Assets (Gold)..........$7,500,000.

Upwards of half a million dollars invested in U. S. Bonds and held by American Branch for security of policy holders.

Fire risks taken at moderate rates, not exceeding $70,000 on any one risk. Losses promptly adjusted and paid without reference elsewhere.

Office No. 22 Devonshire St., Boston.

STEPHEN HIGGINSON, Agent.
Jan. 1. W. C. HIGGINSON, Surveyor. 3m

THE NORTH AMERICAN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, having
Cash Assets Exceeding $600,000,
continue to insure against hazards by fire, on Merchandise, Furniture and other property; also, on Buildings, for one or five years, not exceeding
$20,000
on one risk; also, insures Dwellings and first-class Stores *perpetually*, at their office, No. 1 Old State House, Boston.

DIRECTORS:
Silas Peirce, Albert Bowker, John P. Ober, C. Henry Parker, Benj. E. Bates, John Jeffries, Jr., A. A. Wellington, Sampson Reed, Franklin Haven, Ezra C. Dyer, Jacob Sleeper, John C. Potter, Paul Adams, Ed. Wigglesworth, Samuel E. Sawyer.
ALBERT BOWKER, President.
Irving Morse, Secretary. Feb. 12.

QUINCY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

CASH FUND OVER $310,000.

INSURES
Dwelling Houses,
Household Furniture,
Store Buildings,
Churches,
Farm Property,

And all risks of the safer class of hazards, and is paying 40 per cent. dividend on all expiring years' risks, and 20 per cent. on annual risks.

All losses promptly adjusted and paid.

This Company has paid over $125,000 in losses, and over $225,000 in dividends, since commencement of business, fifteen years ago.

WILLIAM S. MORTON, President.
CHARLES A. HOWLAND, Secretary.
HOME OFFICE: Quincy, Mass.
BOSTON OFFICE: No. 12 Brazer's Building, rear No. 27 State Street.
Feb. 26. 3m*